



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

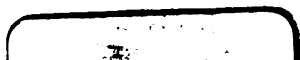
### About Google Book Search

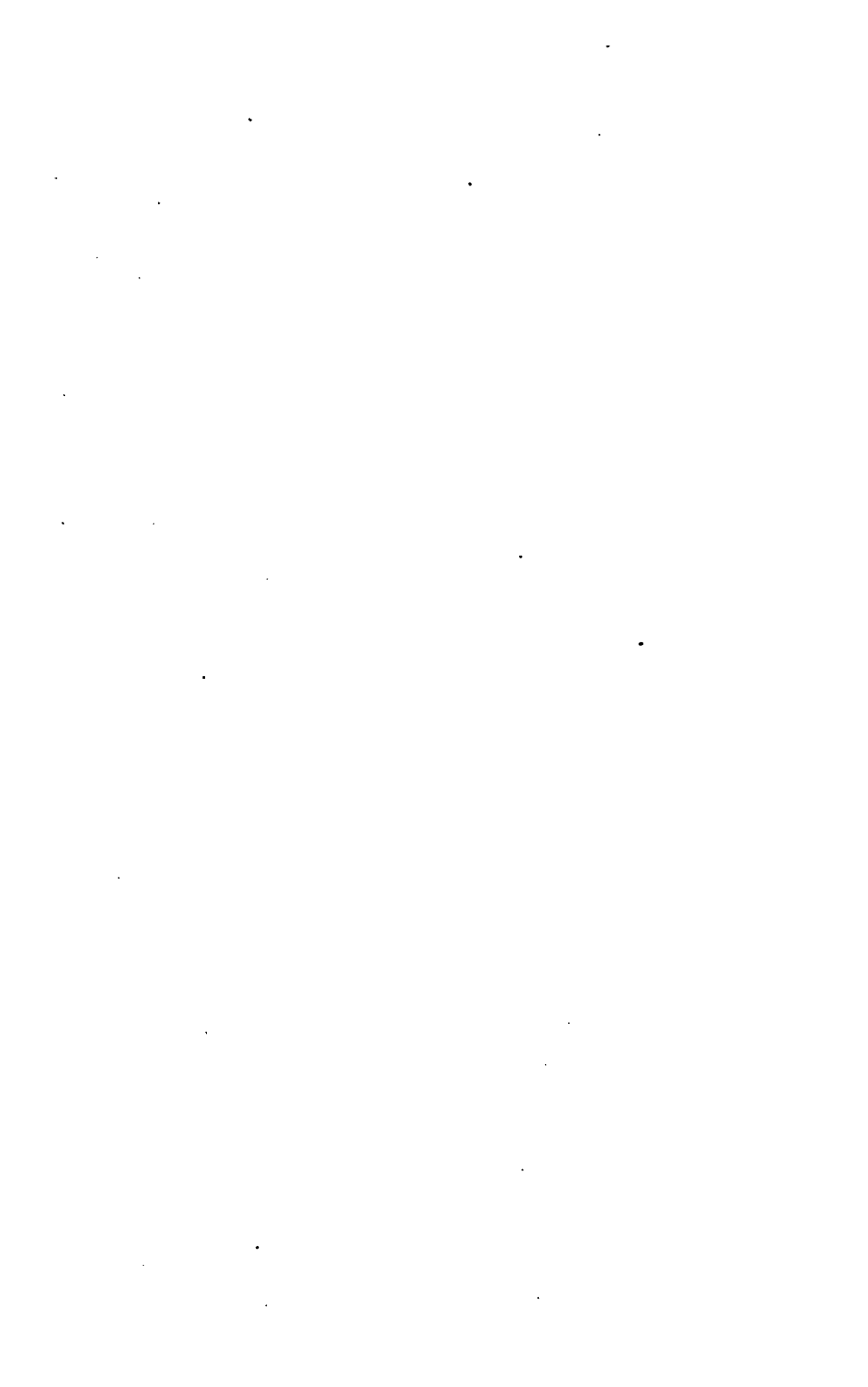
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600053137P







# POPULAR NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

MR. T. C. NEWBY.

---

In 3 Vols. 31s. 6d.

## H O P E .

By the Author of "The Cape and the Kaffirs."

"Smart, clever, and racy."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

"Throughout it is lively and natural."—*Morning Post*.

---

Second Edition, in 3 Vols.

## A U D R E Y .

By MRS. VALENTINE, (late Miss Laura Jewry) Author of

"The Cup and the Lip," "The Tide of Life," &c.

"The characters are fresh and truthful, and the incidents skilfully connected."—*Sunday Times*.

"There is a healthy, cheerful, invigorating philosophy, breathed throughout its pages."—*Bentley's Review*.

"The moral of the tale is good, and Miss Jewry has succeeded in conveying pure sentiments, elevated thoughts, and cheerful philosophy, in language at once simple, earnest and graceful."—*Morning Post*.

---

In 3 Vols.

## M A R Y .

By the Author of "Highland Sports and Pastimes," "Exmoor," &c.

# POPULAR NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED

BY MR. T. C. NEWBY.

---

In 1 Vol. 9s.

## FROM BABYLON TO JERUSALEM.

BY THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.

"This book is neither more nor less than the life of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, a lady of great literary celebrity, and the history of her conversion from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism: it will be read with deep interest."—*Evening Post*.

---

In 1 Vol. 7s. 6d.

## FROM JERUSALEM.

BY THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.

---

In 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

## CIRCASSIA;

## OR, A TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

BY G. L. DITSON, ESQ.

"Give us a number of glimpses of countries not in the common track of tourists."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Mr. Ditson has embraced in his actual survey all that the ancient poets fixed as the boundary of the ancient world, and more."—*Spectator*.

---

In 2 Vols. post 8vo. £1 1s.

## SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE ON THE SLAVE COAST OF AFRICA.

BY SIR HENRY HUNTLEY.

"The Author's views of the Slave Trade and its results are borne out by the facts which have been adduced. We could fill our pages with the horrors which stare us in the face almost in every page of his book."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

**THE  
BOATMAN OF THE BOSPHORUS.**

**A TALE OF TURKEY.**

**BY  
THE OSMANLI ABDERAHMAN EFFENDI.**

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

**VOL. II.**

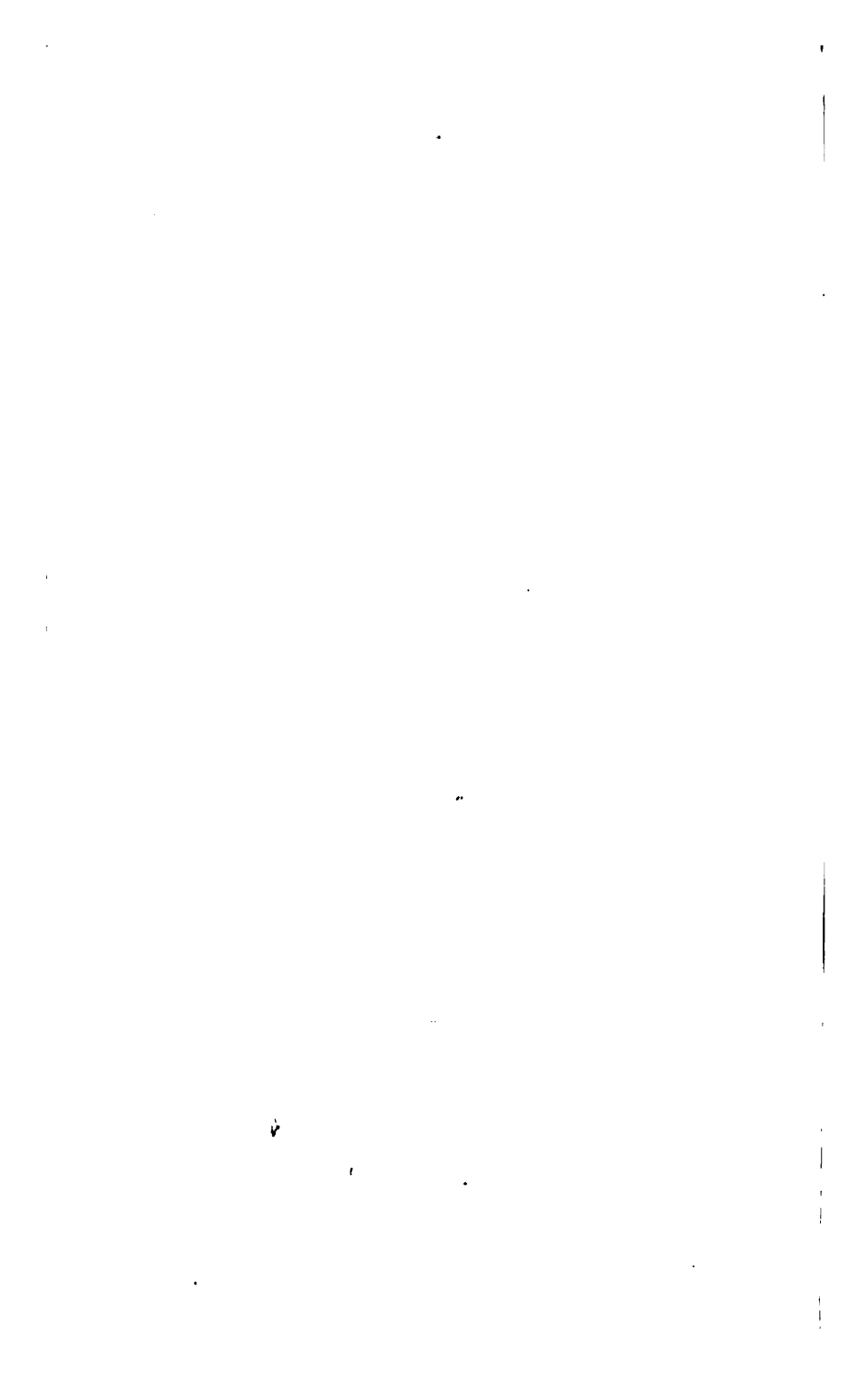


**LONDON:  
THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,  
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.**

**1854.**

*243. v. 409.*





# THE BOATMAN

OF THE

## BOSPHORUS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

The thorns that I have reaped, are of the tree  
I planted ! they have torn me ; and I bleed !  
I should have known what fruit would spring from such  
a seed.

BYRON.

WE return to the tempted and erring Jewess ;  
she had been joined by Zahroun, at Odessa,  
as related ; from this Port, they proceeded to

VOL. II.

B

Shumla, where the Jew deposited his wife with an Israelitish family, in the Hebrew quarter, El Warish, while he pursued his usual projects in the city. At length, his numerous plans arranged, Zahroun quitted Shumla with his suddenly increased family, and after long and weary travel drew near to the place of his destination, on the Vistula.

The party had entered the Palatinate of Wazovia; they were now within fifty versts of Warsaw, and had just left the town of Wylga, when the little Vasif, who had been for some days drooping, was attacked by mortal sickness, brought on, as the conscience-stricken Jewess doubted not, by the unaccustomed hardship and fatigue of their journey, from which all her care had been insufficient to guard him.

Poor Salome ! fast came over her the bitter consequences of her evil deed ; she had gained the children, they loved her, and she doated on them with unbounded fondness, but she had stolen the blessings given by God to another,

she had wrung the hearts of her unoffending neighbours with a grief, the deadly grasp of which she had felt and knew well how to appreciate—she had made the home of her friends thrice desolate; yes, *she* had done this, but how quickly were these wrongs avenged on the perpetrator—unhappy Salome! incapable of envy, she had often taken part in the exultation of Hamet, but the temptation to possess herself of all that constituted his happiness, had assailed her in her weakness, and she had yielded; a witness to the delight of old Uldeh, she had permitted herself to think how bright would be her own distant dwelling in a far, strange land, could it be gilded by the smiles of those radiant creatures; the lure was all too powerful for Salome's strength, she forgot the misery she inflicted—forgot too the difference between a blessing obtained by wrong; wrested unrighteously; and one held in uprightness, as was that of the poor old woman, whose rejoicing she was about to cut short; and of the

kind and friendly Boatman, whose cup of happiness her act must turn to wormwood—all this was forgotten, but for no long time ; full soon did the voice of conscience arise, to be silent no more.

At the village of Glinianka, the progress of the travellers was staid by the little Vasif's illness. Zahroun, who to do him justice, greatly deplored the state of the child, and had tenderly cared for all on their long journey, yet pressed forward, after a short delay, to the capital, as though life and death were on the issues of his traffic, leaving his wife to watch her nursling pine away, and to devour in silent loneliness, the grief that had made its home in her heart.

Glinianka, the halting place of Salome, was a village, belonging at that time to the noble family of Romanowski, whose mansion was in the immediate neighbourhood ; the head of the Romanowski family was a boy, then absent with his guardians, but the lately widowed Countess, informed of the Jewish stranger's sorrow, and

the sickness of her child, despatched her household physician to enquire into the state of the detained travellers, and receiving an interesting report of the mourner from Dr. Soltyk, afterwards proceeded herself to offer help and consolation; it was, however, but too obvious, that the first could not avail to save the child, nor did the Jewess seem accessible to the second, though the Lady Romanowska, her husband just laid in his tomb, herself looking around on her own three orphans, was not unacquainted with grief, nor with the modes best calculated to soften its violence.

Soothing was vain, Salome had that within which passed consolation; her eyes fixed on the dying child, she sat motionless, insensible to the voice of comfort, but she refused not the lady's proffer of tendance for the little Zarifa, and gave her willingly to the care of the Countess, the miserable Jewess believing all blighted that came within her shadow—yet had her tender

cares shielded the infant girl from every breath that might have visited her too roughly, every beam that might have shone too brightly on her head ; she had consequently received no injury from the journey. Nor had the little Vasif been less gently tended, but the love of motion proper to a boy, had baffled Salome's efforts in his case, and her present misfortune was the consequence. Not of these things however did the Jewess think, she attributed the evil to her own justly visited misdeed, and when she had placed the child of her benefactors in his grave, dug in a land of strangers, she dreaded to receive back her only remaining treasure, into what she thought the certain blight of her fated home, and left the little Zarifa with the Countess Romanowska, at that lady's first proposal.

It was a bitter moment, that of Salome's departure from Glinianka, but she had resigned herself to the conviction that of such would her

future life be constituted, and gave up the child she doated on, as the only means of securing it from an otherwise certain death.

The eldest daughter of the Countess, three years older than Zarifa, had wept at thought of parting with her young companion, and received the child to be all her own, with delight that made the Countess forego whatever prejudice the supposed Jew lineage of Zarifa was calculated to waken in the breast of the Polish Lady. Twenty years since this prejudice had great force, nor even now is it totally unknown to the noble dames of Poland : it was nevertheless overcome in the present instance, for the Countess could not endure to see tears in the eyes of her little Julia, although on the whole rather a stern than indulgent mother.

Here then lived the child of the Spaniard and his Eastern Bride, dependent on the bounty of Strangers, but she was kindly treated by the Countess Romanowska and dearly loved by Julia and Fedora, her two daughters, with



whom Zarifa shared whatever advantages of instruction their mother procured them : there were times however when the Lady more than half repented of the charge she had undertaken ; she was proud, and not unfrequently regretted the familiarity of her young Countesses with the supposed child of the Hebrews ; richly gifted and exalted of mind, as Zarifa early promised to become : it was true that her little ward was of the Christian faith ; this had been conceded, almost proposed by Salome, to the infinite surprise of the Countess, but her parents were Jews, and when before had the child of such been the chosen associate of Polish nobles ? These feelings of doubt and embarrassment beset the Lady more than ever, as the girls grew together towards womanhood ; the affection of the three was that of sisters, and greatly too did the Countess love Zarifa, even though at times the feelings we have mentioned became apparent to their object, and a certain caprice of manner, often chilled the poor girl's grateful

heart. Another cause of perplexity soon arose, the young Count, Kazimir Romanowski, hitherto resident for education with his uncle and guardian, would be soon returning to his home. Now Zarifa's was the gift of beauty, she was high-minded and full of energy, though gentle and feminine withal as heart could wish; as yet she was only a child, but a child of fourteen is verging on woman, and, rich as she was in every womanly grace, endowed in truth with all that the Countess hoped to see in the chosen wife of her Kazimir, yet would the Lady by no means have her son share the opinion she held with regard to her Hebrew ward's excellences.

It thus happened that in the year 1826, when the family Romanowski left their Palace in Warsaw for the summer residence at Glinianka, Zarifa did not accompany them as usual, but remained in the city—her mother Salome's health was failing, and she spoke of staying to

nurse her. Now to Julia and Fedora it seemed that Salome was much as they had always seen her, and they prayed Zarifa to abandon her intent; but the Countess dwelt on the duty owing to a mother, and commended Zarifa's determination to perform it: her adieus were tender as those of her daughters—the rather, perhaps, as her conscience smote her for the desertion it told her she meditated; but, in a few words of advice on her future proceedings, Zarifa clearly perceived the purpose of the Countess, henceforward to consider the house of Zahroun as her home, though no intimation of this reached her young friends.

From that time then, Zarifa was established in the dwelling of the Jew, she even assumed the peculiar dress of the Hebrews, albeit a Christian, for so did Salome will it, induced thereto by her husband, who found special reasons to offer for his advice; this last ar-

rangement took place to the infinite annoyance of the Countesses Julia and Fedora, and, be it confessed, to that of Zarifa herself; but when the girls appealed to their mother, she declined to interfere, and they became thus aware of her purpose to deprive them of their beloved companion.

It was a loss they felt and lamented bitterly, nor did they forget to remind their mother of her sometimes expressed opinion that Zarifa was not, in fact, the child of her reputed parents; they furthermore observed that she was a Christian, and, in all her habits unprepared for living among the people to whom she was now resigned.

Their opposition was in vain; if the Countess had expressed the opinion they spoke of, she had been imprudent—they were to forget it. They could not—it was one they fully shared; but no choice remained to them as to giving up Zarifa, for whom, in especial, the Countess Julia pined, peculiar circum-

stances causing her to value, and to be indeed, dependent on, those endearing domestic qualities—those gems on the brow of woman, that even at this early age shone conspicuous in Zarifa.

## CHAPTER II.

'Tis not to day, that first we tell  
How long our hearts have loved, how well,  
When was affection's spirit mute ?  
BOBROV.—*Translated by Dr. Bowring.*

'Tis all dark and dreary, Milvana, to thee,  
And thy spirit is weary,  
Lest thy minstrel should never return to the tree.  
ZHUUKOVSKY.—*Ibid.*

NOBLE chestnuts crowned an eminence that formed part of the small domain of Labronna, now the only possession remaining to the house of Romanowski ; four years had elapsed from the point of time at which our last chapter closed—and among the events that marked

their course, was a claim on the part of the Russ, Baron Cheffkine to the vast estates hitherto considered the right of the Romanowski: this claim, after a ruinous law-suit, was established, the Russian Noble was proved inheritor, by right of a Polish ancestress; and the family, previously possessing extensive domains, now saw itself reduced to the comparatively insignificant Labronna; this latter circumstance was not, however, of paramount importance in the eyes of the two persons who stood beneath the Chestnuts mentioned above, on the evening when our story recommences.

The most splendid of sunsets, gave added charms to a scene already rich in beauty, the massive trunks of the old trees wore a hue of rich bronze, as the living light fell on them, and the gorgeous tassels that hung amid the boughs, took a warm blushing tinge from its parting rays. The flowers were bending over a maiden of matchless beauty, almost touching her rich dark locks as in admiration of their silk

like texture. A second form stood also there, from whose lips words of deepest tenderness rose up ever and anon through the listening boughs, giving token of a heart that owned the gentlest feelings, though, perchance tenanted also by some more consonant to the trade of a soldier, which the dress of the speaker declared him to be.

“God’s blessing rest on thee, my own best love, my gentlest, dearest,” said the warrior, drawing at each word the slight form nearer to him, and speaking in tones that were even solemn in their deep tenderness, “my life, my own Julia, I must leave thee, but not for long, thou knowest—pass some few short months, and I return—thou wilt be with me too, love! ever present to my thoughts—for when art thou not so? Do not I see thee ever before me? Are not those eyes the very light of my life?” And he bent to kiss the dark clear orbs into which he gazed so fondly.

Eyes of celestial beauty they were, and of



holiness that might excuse the worship offered to them from his inmost soul by the ardent speaker ; but alas, alas, fixed on her lover's face with fond intelligence of look, they reflected his image only to his own view, for her, all was dark, totally dark—it had been ever thus, the Countess Julia had never seen the light : she knew that noble thoughts and pure feelings must needs give beauty to the brow of her betrothed, she saw that beauty as imagination painted it, a beauty passing rare, and most dear to her perceptions, but not otherwise ; the world of reality, was, to her, a world unseen. Voleslas Berkovicz, her brother's friend, and a visitor at the Palace Romanowski, in Warsaw, had become devoted to her with a love passing the love of woman, his whole spirit bent to an influence hitherto unfelt—reputed stern and cold, Voleslas became utterly enslaved to this gentlest of creatures, and soon seemed to live but in her presence.

After a time it was seen, by those who

watched the Countess Julia with the anxiety of affection, that she had learned to distinguish the step of Berkovicz, among the many then seeking their brilliant dwelling ; a delicate tinge would pass over her clear white brow, and deepen the healthful tint of her cheek, when its sound caught her ear, and he at length found courage to pray the assurance that his love had not been hopelessly placed—this was not withheld, and their union was now at hand. The “course of their love had run smoothly.” Voleslas was rich, as well as highly born, and the loss of those lands that should have portioned the daughters of Romanowski, was therefore not of moment ; he was now returning to the Capital, a long visit he had paid the mother of his Julia, having just ended, together, with his leave of absence : even now were his horses awaiting him, and the hour fixed for his departure had long passed.

Still, however, did Voleslas linger beside his plighted love—still listen to the soft low

whispers that came stealing to his sense, like the visits of Angels, and still hold in his clasp that perfect form, within whose slight proportions was contained his whole earthly treasure.

At length, a clear, sweet voice was heard in the distance, singing joyously a tale of old romance, and ever nearing the Chestnut-trees and the lovers.

"It is Fedora, Voleslas—is it then so very late?" enquired poor Julia, with a look of terror, as though *then* only had the certainty of parting become present to her.

"Yes, my love, it is Fedora," but he paused—grieved, even while gratified, by the look that told the fair girl's regret, and which could not escape him, for never had his eyes strayed from the angel-like face of his treasure.

Fedora was now near them; she, too, read her sister's face, but continued to carol lightly, certain that all soothing must be useless if that of Voleslas had failed.

"Thou shalt make me another ballad like this of the 'Wood Spirit,'" said Fedora, now

drawing near, "but longer, Lulietaka\* Moya—'tis finished too soon, and I have to begin it again and again—the music too, thou hast never made any in better mood, is it not admirable, Voleslas?" continued Fedora, speaking thus to give her sister time for recovery.

Voleslas found no fault in his Julia's music, and Fedora, whose point was gained, as she saw her sister's firmness restored, urged the instant departure of Berkovicz.

"You have to report yourself at the morning levee, Voleslas; think, you must ride through the night—aye, with the wind, to be at the Belvedere in time; and the Czarewicz hears of no delay when the question is of military duty—you know it."

"I have done wrong in detaining you, Voleslas," said Julia; "go now, and, Fedora, take me home;" she extended her small hand, rather caressingly than as needing a guide, for every path of Labronna was known to her,

---

\* Lulietaka Moya, Polish diminutive of endearment.

and she could traverse all safely as Fedora herself.

Fedora drew near; but Voleslas received the delicate hands of both, and burying them united in his own broad palms, he kissed the brow of each fair sister.

"I need not say be kind to her, Fedora—you are, you *will* be—but——"

"I know, Voleslas—I understand what you would say. I *will* be kind; she shall be watched, and guarded, and cared for, as you yourself would have her be; *can* I say more? Now go."

Fedora turned homewards, leading Julia with a gentle hand.

The sisters were soon lost to view; and Voleslas, pausing some short space after their slight forms had disappeared, then departed in his turn, mounted the horse which his servant held ready at a point where the grounds of the Residenz joined the public-road, and was soon many versts distant in the direction of Warsaw.

The life of the Countess Julia had been lighted by the fondest love even from its earliest dawn, the charities of home, ever holy, had showered their influence richly on that gentlest creature's head ; she reversed the doom supposed by the poet—*all* did love her, and her young life passed on happily.

Yet never before had it been bright as now—now, when God's purest spirit had come breathing over the silver lake wherein the deep treasures of her heart lay calmly, she unconscious of her riches.

Never was fairer specimen of woman's sacred nature than Julia Romanowska ; and now, now that holiest love had waked to music, all the chords that had hitherto lain silent and slumbering in her soul, she was a study for the Seraphim.\*

So thought the grave Berkovicz, and when

---

\* No reader will need to be reminded that, as, in the Hierarchy of Heaven, the Cherubim are "Spirits of Knowledge," so are the Seraphim "Spirits of Love."

he gave his soul to the beautiful blind girl, it was with more of love than man had ever given before—more, because, added to the best feelings of the noblest lover under ordinary circumstances, were others due to the helpless girl's peculiar lot; and if these mingled with their tenderness, a devotion, that became idolatry, few could look on the cause, and refuse to forgive the fault.

Such were they who had parted beneath the Chestnut trees, the sisters lingering, though unseen, till the last sound of the horse's feet had died in the distance; then, they sought their home, Julia with many a fear, that, however causelessly, *will* rise in the heart of affection, and Fedora, deeply resolved that never sorrow should touch that sacred creature, while her love, of more than sisterly fondness, could suffice to ward off the blow.

## CHAPTER III.

The Czar has wandered from the city gate  
To seek seclusion from the cares of state.

From the Russian of Dmitriev.

Bowring's Translation.

They called thee a mean maiden, and they deemed  
Thy bright eyes a black Gipsy's.

From the Polish of Szymonowicz.

Ibid.

THE poet who sang the sofa, chose his subject well, as would he who should choose that perfection of sofas, the divan—elastic and yielding; how luxurious it is! above all, how irresistibly inviting, was that in the Baron Cheffkine's saloon at his summer palace on the Vistula:



arranged in Oriental fashion, the damask draperies looped and confined by heavy cords of gold, the cushions covered and adorned by the same rich materials, it seemed worthy of an Eastern Hareem; artists of more northern climes had however contributed to adorn that magnificent room, as was seen in the parqueted floors, of a polished dark red wood, interchanged by the pale cream colour, and satin texture of the Russian white beech.

Open windows in the Italian style, occupied one side of the lofty room; from the rich floor to the pictured ceiling, costly mirrors filling up the compartments between them, the former giving to view a garden of much beauty, and permitting ingress to the soft air and perfume offered profusely by the lovely season.

It was the summer of 1830, and at the moment of our introduction to this splendid apartment, it was tenanted by one slight girl alone, one too, whose garb but ill accorded with the place; this was the dark tunic and peculiar

head-dress of a Jewess; she stood in the attitude of one who waits, and in effect, a second person quickly entered, but the look of terror instantly rising in the face of the girl, told that this was not the person she had expected—be that as it may, she was not long troubled with his presence; loud noises were heard without, before he had even found time to address her; a portly form appeared in the garden, it approached the open windows—

“ Idiots that they are, to let him come hither!” exclaimed the person who had entered the room a moment before, “fools! dolts! and what can have brought him?”—speaking thus, he darted forth at the door by which he had entered, just as the cause of his enquiry gained the room from the garden.

This personage was a tall and well-formed man, of majestic port, and if his face were not equally noble with his figure, it yet bore the aspect of one whose will was law—law to himself—perhaps to others, also.

He looked with some astonishment on the trembling girl.

"Did I not see the Baron Cheffkine?" he enquired.

His voice, a stern, harsh sound, shook the soul of her whom he addressed ; but he was not one whose demand could remain unanswered ; and a timid reply came forth to the effect that the Baron had been there, but had departed.

No remark implied that the questioner had heard ; he stood, for some moments, (they seemed hours to her he gazed on), looking earnestly at a face of faultless beauty, though now excessively pale, and the features quivering slightly, from time to time, with the efforts made to repress some inward feeling.

The awful pause did not last for ever, a question interrupted it, prefaced by a sort of grunt, more easy to imagine, than express by pen.

“Ha! he was here, but departed! And thou! what art thou?”

The voice was more than ever terrible—poor Zarifa—for it was she to whom its coarse sounds were addressed—lost all courage as they reached her ear, and making a desperate effort to speak, she burst into tears.

Again her observer gazed curiously; but when he spoke once more, it was in milder terms.

“Do not weep, child, I am not displeased—thou hast nothing to fear from me, if nothing from thyself; but why art thou here?”

The reproof conveyed in the last words changed the paleness of Zarifa to a deep glow, and, her throat relieved from its tightness by tears, she hastened to tell that she had come thither to attend the Lady Stanikoff.

“The Lady Stanikoff—the Baron’s sister! but, as I am told, that lady left Warsaw three days since—didst thou not know it?”

Zarifa did not know it—nor did she know

that the lady *was* sister to the Baron Cheffkine.

“But he was here, thou sayest?” Another pause and growl. “Was it *his* coming that made thy cheek so pale?” resumed the querist, a sudden light appearing to visit him.

Zarifa sought to find words in reply, for the man was not one who could be suffered to enquire unanswered; but tears again filled her eyes; and when she raised them to the face of her exalted questioner, she saw him only through a quivering medium, that forbade all distinctness of vision, till surcharged, the large tears fell on the floor like heavy rain drops.

Never was eloquence more effectual; the softest look of which his face was capable was assumed by the gentleman; and adopting the mildest tone of his voice, he bade her be comforted, and assured her of his approval.

“Thou art a good child—though thy dress belies thy face, and calls thee a Jewess. Go,

thou art dismissed, I need not say, come here no more; 'tis by no wish of thine, thou hast come even now—thou mayest depart—yes, go through the garden!"—for Zarifa looked wistfully towards the windows, yet feared to adopt so familiar a mode of exit—"that is thy best path—go—fear nothing. One word more—my protection is ready for thee, if aught should cause thee to need it."

And the speaker acknowledged with kindness the deep obeisance of Zarifa, who departed grateful, yet nothing loath to be gone from the dreaded presence, and was soon beyond the precincts of the villa.

The public road once gained, Zarifa entered one of those Droskies, so common in Warsaw and its neighbourhood, desiring to be set down at the Kraczinsky Gardens, in whose shades she sat awhile to recover her self-possession, before returning to meet the questions of Zahroun.

Salome had been released from her sorrows

some months before the time at which we have now arrived—she was in the grave so long desired.

Very sad were the thoughts of Zarifa, as she rose to seek her squalid home in the vile Franciscana Uliça, or street of Franciscans—and the rather as her sole remaining friend was soon to leave her—this was the Jew, Nathan Ben Zakaria, the brother of Zahroun, and his opposite in all things ; he was preparing, as do the Hebrews frequently at the close of life, to gain the Sea of Tiberias, and the burial place of his fathers, there to lay his bones with theirs, and so escape the Hibbût Hakkeber, the “beating of the Sepulchre,” to which all are liable who die apart from the Blessed Land, unless, indeed, he have the happiness to breathe his last on the Sabbath : so avouch the followers of Moses.

Whether from this motive or not, certain it is that the respectable Nathan was about to seek the place of his fathers ; thereby depriv-

ing Zarifa of one who had been to her as a tower of defence, more especially, since the death of Salome had left her alone.

It was now the hour when the fashionables of Warsaw throng their favorite haunts—these are the Ulica Długa, Miodova, and Senatorska, with the Ogrod Saski, or Saxon Gardens, and the Ogrod Kraczinski, in the solitudes of which Zarifa had sought repose.

Gay groups filled the principal avenues, and scattered themselves throughout the range of streets, as in English cities, at corresponding hours. The splendid uniforms of the officers belonging to the numerous regiments, always serving in that military capital—suited well with the rich Parisian costume affected by Warsawian ladies.

Neither are the plain-coated gentry too suddenly contrasted with their butterfly brethren of the military classes—by far the most numerous in Warsaw—a link is formed between the two extremes, of splendid pictorial



effect and oppressive ugliness, which last may be fairly charged on the common European dress of men. The judicious gradation alluded to is supplied by the plainer uniforms of the commissariat officers, staff and regimental surgeons, military clerks, masters of bands, *et id genus omne*, all these wearing uniforms of green and crimson, with braided pantaloons and "regulation" hats. It is true that this convenient link is somewhat shorn of its beams by the absence of epaulettes and plumes, still are its remaining advantages not things to be despised; that they who enjoy them think them much the contrary, is apparent to whomever has once observed their look at the plainly dressed civilians they pass: supremely content with his own blest self is each wearer of crimson and green, one glance at his face suffices to show it.

Unconscious of the hour to which she had lingered, Zarifa saw herself obliged to cross the garden, when its walks were at the fullest; a group stood by the outlet she was approach-

ing, and near them was a young officer, whose undress uniform, a closely-fitted frock, with red facings, rich silver epaulettes and grey pantaloons braided with crimson, betokened to be of the Hussars; gracefully drooped the white and yellow plume over the shining black beaver of his Sturmer or "regulation hat," and he seemed preparing to mount the horse that a groom was holding without the gate; he desisted, however, from his purpose; he had caught a glimpse of Zarifa, the noisy high-heeled shoes, proper to her Jewish dress, announcing her approach. Now the dark tunic, and decorated stomacher, with the band of pearl and gold that circles the brow of a Polish Jewess, completing her distinctive dress, so frequently belong to a face and form of decided beauty, that the youth may be forgiven who shall arrest his progress as these come to view; but no excuse could avail the present intruder, who, throwing himself directly in the path of Zarifa, determined to examine well the

claims she might have to such distinction ; his gaze was however repelled by a closely drawn veil ; and displeased, it may be, by this arrangement, the military coxcomb turned on his heel, swinging his steel-sheathed sabre across her path, and extending his arm at the same time to avert the fall which he expected to ensue. His purpose of annoyance was checked, however, by the promptitude of an officer of the Uhlan Guards, who, passing at the moment, and kicking aside the sabre, left the path of Zarifa free.

“ You touched my sabre, I think, sir ! ” exclaimed the Hussar, with a look of menace, “ and to what intent ? ”

“ I removed it to prevent the owner from affronting one who wears *no* sabre, ” replied the Uhlan, quietly.

“ Do you mean to infer, ” retorted the other, “ that I should fear one who does ? ”

“ Such inferences have been drawn from similar premises, but it is you, not I, who sup-

pose the case, whatever offence may be found therein —."

"You will answer for this to me, sir," broke in the Hussar, at the same time handing a card.

The Uhlan officer presented his own, with equal promptitude, saluted politely and passed on.

The Hussar too bowed with infinite courtesy to his intended antagonist, then mounting his horse, he rode off, followed by his groom.

Zarifa had moved on when her road was cleared by the Uhlan, but, fearful of the result, she had paused at the distance of a few paces from the gate, and had seen the exchange of cards with dismay; heart-sick and faint, she then walked slowly forward, but changing her purpose as to going home, she proceeded to the house of Nathan, in the Uliça Zelayna.

## CHAPTER IV.

We talked with open heart and tongue,  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two,

WORDSWORTH.

FAMILIAR with the place she had entered, Martha paused not, until she gained the room in which Nathan usually sat; he was not there, but presently entered from the Alijah or small oratory, as it may be called, in which the Jews perform their more private devotions. The old man's dark flowing dress, venerable beard, and Hebrew features, sufficiently declared his nation, but the face was not of unpleasant

character, and the look of satisfaction that lighted his eyes as they fell on Zarifa, gave it instantly an air of benevolence.

“Thou art come to say farewell, my child?” he asked in a tone of much affection.

“I am, dear uncle, if better may not be, but 'tis in evil time I lose thee,” and seating herself at his feet, she removed her veil, giving to view a face so mournful, that the old man's countenance instantly responded to its expression with a look of great concern. “Comfort me, my father!” exclaimed the poor girl, after long weeping; “comfort me, my father! for beside thee have I none.”

“God do so to me, and more also, my beloved child, if I fail to give thee such aid and comfort as are mine to offer,” said the old man, fondly pressing his hand on the beautiful head laid droopingly on his knee; “but do not sob so piteously, and tell me what evil hath befallen thee.”

“Oh, much, *much*, my father. Thou know-

est what I owe to the noble house of Romanowsky ; thou knowest that, but for the ladies of that house, I had been destitute of those advantages which ——.”

“ Zarifa,” interrupted the old man, gravely ;  
“ I know, that seeing thee a lively and beautiful child, it was the amusement of the Countess Romanowska to keep thee before her—to have thee taught the vanities of music, the dance, and the tongue of the stranger ; better had she permitted thy mother to make thee a true daughter of Judah.”

“ Nay, my father, speak not harshly of the noble lady—bethink thee, too, of her daughters—kind and gentle sisters were they to me ; are so still, whenever ’tis my happiness to be near them ; the difference of our rank none preventing.”

“ I do, Zarifa ; I bethink me of all, and how, but, for these, thou hadst been a daughter of the Law, as well as of my affection ; whereas, now, thou art a Christian, past hope of recovery

—aye, wedded, heart and soul, to the faith of the Stranger, among whom thou hast dwelt—thou, who mightest have been such as the women of our better days—when—nay—speak not to me of the Romanowsky, Zarifa ; to me, the old Jew, whom they would have taught thee to desert, and despise ; but that thy kind heart rejected the lesson—after causing thee to disown, and depart from the Law.”

“ Nay—but thou knowest that in the lifetime of my mother, it ~~was~~ thy thought that there was cause for believing her to have *chosen* for me the faith that I cling to—dost thou forget this, my father.”

“ I do not, Zarifa : nor what that cause was. I should remember, too, that it is not our *law* thy friends despise ; but our *worthlessness*, our *avarice*, our pitiful baseness. Aye, Zarifa, well mayest thou shun to be called the daughter of my brother, of Zahroun the vile, Zahroun the extortioner, the —— ; but why do I vex thy spirit, my gentlest child ; what is this



grief, Zarifa; tell it, that I may escape from the evil spirit of anger that *will* beset me, when I think *why* our Tribes are a scorn, and a bye-word."

"There came one to my father this morning, at early dawn," replied Zarifa; "a soldier, and as I think of the Preobazinsky Guard; this man made certain purchases, and afterwards requested to be directed to an Embroidress in pearls, living, as he had been told, near by—he desired to find one for his Colonel's lady, who had lost a bracelet, and would have it matched—my father replied, that his wife had been of skill in that art—but, that she was not, and no other was to be found; then the man seemed greatly troubled, and spoke of large reward; so my father desired me to attend the lady, seeing that, I too, possess some knowledge of my mother's art."

"Thereby broke he his promise to the dying woman," remarked Nathan, "she bade him suffer thee to do none of these things, and

said he well knew why; if he have such knowledge, the greater his sin; but thou didst obey him?"

"Yes, my father, I followed the messenger to the hotel of the lady, but she had gone to her villa, and my guide bidding me enter a drosky standing at the gates, we were driven, it may be three versts from the city; here I was directed to wait in a saloon of the palace, and did so, expecting the Lady Stanikoff's arrival."

"The Lady Stanikoff! she is the sister of my enemy—my destroyer!"

"This I was not told, my father, until afterwards; but it was not a lady who came to the saloon—dare I tell thee?"

"Was it the Baron Cheffkine?" asked Nathan in shuddering tones, "has he marked thee, too, my poor Zarifa; but tell me, how didst thou 'scape him, for escape thou didst, or thy life had not lasted thee to tell of the meeting; good cause hast thou for grief this day, and I

must add to it my own unreasonable anger; tell me the rest."

"The Baron had scarcely entered the room, my father, when there were voices heard without; they spoke of a horse fallen dead at the gates, of a drosky overturned, and a moment after, there came in a man by the garden windows of the saloon—my father, it was the Grand Duke Constantine himself."

"Ah Zarifa! then the wretch will meet his due reward—tyrannous and fierce enough is the Czarevitz Konstanty, but he taketh not unlawfully the substance of his people, nor maketh their daughters his handmaids; could I have carried proof of Cheffkine's villany to his feet, it had fared ill with that wretch, when he cut off the blossom of my house, even my only one; I nothing doubt it—but proceed my child, the Duke dismissed thee from that evil place?"

"He did, my father, he commanded me to

depart—more, he bade me seek his protection, should aught happen to my hurt.”

“May the God of Jacob guard his house therefore !” exclaimed the old man fervently, “I forgive him his unjust decision, I forgive him, that when my cause—the cause of the broken-hearted parent, was laid at his feet, he spurned it, and bade them scourge me, for that I had falsely accused one of the nobles of his people ; I forgive him my captivity and the labours I endured, when he sent me to wheel heavy loads in his buildings of Lazienka, all, all I forgive—but thou hast more to tell, speak my daughter, I hear thee.”

Zarifa then detailed the dispute in the gardens of Kraczniski, reminding the old man of the strictness with which the Grand Duke enforced his laws against duelling.

“Therein doth the Czarevicz rightly,” replied old Nathan, “and more frequently would he do so could the truth be made to reach him ;—not the worst of the Family

Romanoff is this man, Konstanty, he doth well to stop these unholy combats."

"But, the Countess ! my father, his sisters ! how will they bear to see him degraded ? for that *must* follow if he fight this duel, or he may be hurt, and then—or either way—oh miserable that I am—it is *I* who shall have been his bane."

"Zarifa," said the old man gravely, and looking steadily in her face, "how knowest thou that thy defender was Kazimir Romanowsky ? I thought thou hadst never seen him at Glinianka ; thou wert at Labronna with his sisters when he went with the Countess to their domain in Volhynia, and he never resided in the Warsawian Palace—how then canst thou be sure it is he—thou hast never seen him !"

"I never did see him until his return from the Turkish wars ; it was then thou knowest that their domains were adjudged away, and

I was often at the Palace at that time before the Family left it."

"And then met the Count Kazimir?"

"No—I did but hear his sisters describe him, yet so exactly did they paint each feature that I should have known him among a thousand from what they said."

"The sillier maidens they!" muttered old Nathan—"and this was all?"

"No, Papunia\*—I saw him afterwards, when he crossed the courts, but he saw not me, or, if he did"—Zarifa stopped suddenly—her eyes fell on her dress with an involuntary movement that did not escape old Nathan.

"Or if he did, Zarifa! what then? thy friends have described *thee* too, doubtless, and their brother could not detect the object of their eulogy under the garb of the despised Jewess!—Now do I forgive Zahroun, for that, to escape the censures of those hypocrites,

---

\*Papunia, diminutive of Father—term of endearment.

the Chassidim, he compelled thee to assume these vestments, for which I reproached him at the time, as a pretence and a lie. Thy friends are kind damsels and they love thee—but they seem not always to choose prudently the themes of their discourse—wherefore, Zarifa, do thou remember———but thou wilt, my child,” the old man continued in milder tones as he marked the distressed looks of the listener—“one more question, hast thou spoken with the Count at all?”

“Never, my father ! and it is of his sisters I think—of his mother—he passes daily by my window of late, for that looks as thou knowest on the open space of——”

“I know, Zarifa, and thou wouldst do well to change thy chamber ; but what of his passing?”

“Merely that this is quite all I have ever seen of the Count ; but when I think of his mother, his sisters, and how they will bear his degradation, so sure to follow on a duel—no

he will not survive it ! and they—how can they bear to see him dishonoured—thou art wise, my father ! counsel me ; how may I shun to be the cause of this misery to my benefactors.”

“Thou hast learned to think wholly after the manner of these Gentiles, Zarifa : how shall a man be dishonoured but by his own act ? by evil wilfully committed ? yet dost thou speak as though one man might dishonour another. But I do ill to blame thee, it may be that thou art indeed of Christian race, as the words of my sister Salome might be made to imply ; if this be so thou dost but follow the long-taught errors of thy people ; still, oh my child, I may not choose but grieve over thee, worthy as thou mightest have been of Israel—aye, when Israel was a glory—do not I see that even though thou shouldest, of a truth, be the child of my brother, yet is thy heart too surely in the home of the stranger.”

“And thou hast no counsel to give me, my father ?” asked Zarifa, in mournful accents.



“I will bethink me, as we go together to the house of Zahroun ; even now is it time we depart ; thou knowest that I leave Warsaw this night for the Port called Danzig, where my son, Jehudah, awaiteth my coming, to pass with him a certain portion of time, before I seek the blessed land of my fathers and his.”

“But wilt thou so surely return hither no more,” enquired Zarifa, and her tears broke forth afresh.

“For thy sake only, do I grieve that I shall not, Zarifa—what, beside my murdered lamb, Keziah, have I loved as I love thee ; yet when thou hast come to me for comfort, have I given thee reproach ; still, bear with me, my daughter, had I loved thee less I had spoken less harshly.”

Well did Zarifa know that this was indeed true, and deeply affectionate were the assurances she gave to that effect.

A Jew servant, the only one entertained by Nathan Ben Zakaria, now announced all ready

for his master's departure, and accompanied by Zarifa, Nathan set forth towards the street of Franciscans.

They proceeded some short space in silence, which was interrupted by the old Ben Zakaria.

"Thou art thinking of this youth, Zarifa?"

"I am, my father, and of thy departure likewise—two evils beset me, and I see escape from neither."

"Yet would I fain be thy shield from both, Zarifa, but it may not be; I can nothing aid thee to quell the rage of these men of blood: they would fight, though the eyes of their Lord were upon them, and though to be cast from the high place they prize, or a painful death, be the reward he will surely deal them; and this they call upholding their honour; who shall control the will of these men, and what other remedy could avail?"

Zarifa could deny no part of this, and re-

mained silent, but as they drew near her father's house, she asked once more—

“And wilt thou indeed so surely go?”

“I will, Zarifa, I may not disappoint the hopes of my son, Jehudah; yet would I still delay, could I hope, as I once did, that my brother would accompany me to the Sacred Land, and give thee, too, to its shelter; but he will not. To Danzig, for the purposes of his traffic, hath he agreed to go, but hither will he return, to await the evil lot I see preparing for him. May the God of our fathers give thee no share in it, for thou hast not planted the seed of bitter fruits, as I fear me, Zahroun is doing and has done!”

“Nay, my father, do not think so,” replied Zarifa, who was yet herself not seldom assailed by similar thoughts.

“Child! I think, as is inevitable, from the facts that pass before me; would that these were other than they are, for is he not my brother! the son of my father Zakaria Ben

Jelaleel, (remember to bless\*) whose wisdom was as the wisdom of Solomon the King (on whom be peace) whose goodness as the goodness of Moses, the favoured of the Lord (let his memory be honoured with our children as with us.)" He paused reverently, resuming with much sadness, "he is my brother, and I would hope that his faults may be more lightly visited than such usually are, yet are not these faults his daily bane? they are! he came hither a man of substance, bringing much gold and many jewels; he is now a mere shopkeeper of the Franciscana, had he been more upright he had prospered better."

"Or, may it not be said that evil fortune in his trade has warped his mind, my father?"

---

\* (Remember to bless), this formula is used by the pious Jew who names his *deceased* father; as are also those that follow the names of Solomon and Moses, when their great men are alluded to. For an English Authority, on this point see "Noble's Letters of a Rabbi."

had he been more prosperous, he had been less—less—”

“Unscrupulous, child—thou art seeking a gentle word—there is none milder to express the truth. Thou art right, and I sin in mine anger, when I name him with revilings; but why hears he no warning? Storms are rising over this unhappy land, yet will he remain to abide them. This people—they will one day ask God’s mercy for Pharoah,\* why must he take part in the sorrow? he is straitly linked too with those dangerous Chassidim,† they who worship the forms of the Law while they depart from its spirit. I have despaired of him since he joined that sect. For thee, whom

---

\* They will ask God’s mercy for Pharoah, Hebrew proverb, implying, They struggle against bad, they will find worse.

† Chassidim, a sect of the Polish Jews, remarkable for the sanctimonious rigidity of their attention to outward observances.

my soul faints to leave, could I surely know that his claim on thee were not that of a parent, even yet shouldst thou depart with me—but I will sift him on the point, this day and that closely.”

And the old man quickened his pace as eager to commence the inquisition.

The Franciscan street was now before them, and Zahroun himself in view.

“Ever toiling,” remarked old Nathan, at the sight, “the gold he so labours to gain as surely slipping through his fingers, ere they have well clutched it.”

A deep sigh followed his words, and he walked thoughtfully over the few paces that intervened between his brother and himself.

The street of the Franciscans is that wherein do congregate the Jewish general dealers of Warsaw—a kind of Parisian “*frippe*rie” it is, or English rag-fair, much resorted to by the soldiery and other purchasers of the lower classes

—here Zahroun was toiling in his vocation.

“Blue or crimson thread—well-born, sirs,” he was exclaiming to a Lancer of the Constantine regiment, and a tall Volhynian Cuirassier, who were lounging together through the street. “Blue or crimson, gentleman of the Constantine! excellent yellow and white, brave Cuirassier—better thread was never spun. Blacking, pipe-clay, soap, gloves, stitched ‘to regulation’ (the last a phrase familiar to all ranks in the military capital). Paste, noble Pans—paste of such virtue as to make the brass of your accoutrements shine as gold—the steel sheath of silver radiance—behold, brave Uhlan.”

And suiting act to word, the sheath is rubbed with some ill-looking preparation, a very sufficing brightness is the manifest result of the contact; Sir Ublan buys the mixture, performs the still more essential ceremony of pay-

ing for it, and our ancient friend, Zahroun, is at leisure to follow his brother to the inner recesses of the house, Zarifa betaking herself to her own chamber in a different direction.

Much the same appearance was presented by our old acquaintance at this time as when we left him, sixteen years before, on the shores of our dear Istamboul, or, to be precise, on that of its least lovely suburban village, Orta Kevi: pressed down by those abject fears that haunt the Rayahs of the Porte, in presence of its more favoured subjects, Zahroun then wore the look of an aged man, though he had not seen forty years—he did not look older now. The Jews fear none in Warsaw, and are rather favoured than depressed by the powers that be; brisk and well, therefore, looked Zahroun, though the wrinkles of much cogitation sat well folded on his forehead, and his eyes twinkled under their grizzled brows with an eager, insatiate look, of watchfulness and avarice mingled.



We leave him then, our ancient co-mate though he were on the lovely Strait of Islambol, to bide as he may the close questioning of his worthier brother, whose determination to wring forth the secret, hitherto sturdily guarded by Zahroun, though the suspicions of Nathan had been more than once insisted on ; our reader has heard.

## CHAPTER V.

I saw thee from my casement high,  
And watched thy speaking countenance,  
With step of pride didst thou pass by,  
But didst not turn the slightest glance  
Upon my mean abode or me.

\* \* \* \*

Then misery smote me.

BOWRING,

From the Polish of Zimowowsky.

SAD thoughts were Zarifa's, as she sat in her lonely chamber; that she was not the child of her reputed parents, had been long matter of conviction to her, though she might have

found it difficult to make another comprehend the thousand minute circumstances leading her to this conclusion. The scarcely heard murmurings of the dying Salome, had brought looks of trouble to the face of Nathan, and these were instantly turned on herself, with an expression which showed that he referred to her, the imperfectly understood and broken expressions of his sister: Zahroun's evident anxiety to prevent his wife's unwitnessed interviews with his brother or Zarifa, these, and much beside, that it were tedious to relate, convinced her that mystery existed; to what its solution might tend, it was less easy to conceive.

Bewildered on this point, she turned to another almost equally bewildering, and, for the time, of more pressing interest; this was the danger fallen into, and on her account, by Kazimir Romanowsky. She had truly said that this brother of her early companions was unacquainted with the person of her whom he

had so promptly defended from insult, but not equally unacquainted was Zarifa with him : the young man had been almost a stranger to his sisters in their childhood ; but since his return to the abode of his fathers, the perfections of their brother had been their favorite theme, whenever Zarifa and themselves had met, after she had ceased to be their inmate. Nor were these occasions rare.

When the family was in Warsaw, Zarifa paid her respects to the Countess with a regularity, perfectly agreeable to that lady, who could not but estimate the character she had formed ; this duty performed, however, the girls bore off their favorite to their own apartments ; and if the subject they loved best to discuss, was not the one that prudence would have selected, it was yet perfectly natural and consonant to the young and innocent girls who chose it.

Never was brother like to theirs, they declared in concert ; vain were it for pen, less in-

dustrious than their willing and nimble tongues, to attempt enumerating his excellences ; let the reader sum up all that ever graced humanity, and he will have the portrait those partial artists painted.

"He does so love to hear us talk of thyself, dear Pheenka,"\* would Fedora say ; "he knows thee for just the dear girl that thou art."

"And he is so sorry for us to have lost thee, darling !" would the gentle Julia add, their listener smiling, and proud at hearing these pleasing tales, long before a thought of blushing about the matter had come to trouble the self-complacency excited by the reported admiration of the eulogized brother.

Now it must have sometimes chanced on these occasions that Zarifa and the Count should meet, but that the former avoided this, with a care too earnest not to produce the desired

---

\* Pheenka, diminutive of Zarifa.

result—yet, it was not by prudence that this care was enforced—alas, no, the chief motive to its exercise was a deep dislike to that debasing garb which she felt was a tangible and palpable line of separation from those who had been the familiar companions of her childhood. Her determination to avoid the Count was strengthened by perceiving, that when, wrapped in her veil, she encountered him in crossing the broad halls, and Corridors, as she entered, or departed from the palace, he never glanced at the Hebrew figure. Then it was *not*, as a Jewess, that he thought of his sister's friend? so then should it ever be? never would she be known to the brother of her early companions. Never! she, the despised Jewess—such was her firm resolve; but, meanwhile, these companions had taught her to think him the very first of human kind, and when he passed calmly on, all unconscious of her presence, her existence! she felt a sensation of heart-sickness, that made her equivocal

and orphan state more than ever bitter to her soul.

The satisfaction of the Countess on Zarifa's assumption of the dress proper to her supposed Nation, had been perceived by her, with a sense of pain, that her gratitude found sometimes hard to struggle with ; but the anger of the sisters would rouse her to the defence of their mother, and she reproached herself for overlooking the ninety nine benefits bestowed, to fix her view on the hundredth withheld ; was it for *her* to murmur, that the stream of bounty had not flowed on for ever ; rather should she consider all it had done before it ceased.

And here Zarifa was right, she did, indeed, owe inestimable good to the Lady Romanowska—if she had been preserved in the purity of her faith ; if she had escaped the abject baseness, consequent on early association with the vulgar of mind—the only true vulgar, and to be found in all ranks—to the Countess, it was, that she owed it.

The force of her intellect, the high and pure tone of her thoughts, the delicacy of her perceptions; these, justly lauded by the eloquent Julia, when described for the benefit of Kazimir; these had placed her fully on a level with her companions, as an outset; but the noble manner that distinguished her, the acquired knowledge she possessed, the lighter, yet not valueless, accomplishments that were hers—all these resulted from the education she had received, and all were rightfully attributable to the Countess.

It will be obvious that Zarifa did not sum up, as we are doing, the endowments just enumerated; but a general feeling of her own superiority to the class of which she now made part, was unavoidable, and gratitude caused her defence of the Countess to be undertaken in all sincerity, whenever the lamentations of the two girls, for the loss of their friend, became censure of their mother.

A new subject of thought was now pre-



sented to Zarifa by the scene in the Kracinski gardens—how ready had been this aid of Romanowski to the injured! yes, that was Kazimir, the Kazimir of his sisters' pride—a being wholly perfect in her eyes as in theirs, a very concentration of intellectual and moral excellence, fancied in part, for never was humanity as she supposed it in the person of Kazimir; but real, substantial truth to her. No mixture of pain or fear ever troubled the clear heaven of her thoughts as they dwelt on this vision: never had Zarifa accused herself of *love* for the brother of her friends; yet was the state of things that she had arrived at, the very nearest, words may speak of to the pure and self-abandoning love of woman, and if Zarifa loved not Kazimir, she was yet the most unlikely person in the world ever to love any other.

Meanwhile, no question as to the character of her feelings disturbed her peace; the anxiety she felt was to know if the danger

threatening her Julia's, her Fedora's brother might be avoided ; but she saw not by what means this could be effected : Nathan was right—nothing could be done to avert the evil, and sighs that told of this conviction came frequent and heavily from her loaded bosom as she sat in the solitude of her chamber.

## CHAPTER VI.

My dogs are vigilant—they do not sleep.

DMITRIEV.

AFTER all, what in fact occurred to Kazimir Romanowski? let us see—he had gone from the Kraczinski gardens to the Ulica Długa in search of Voleslas, who should, that day, have arrived in Warsaw from Labronna; but he had not yet reached his hotel, and Kazimir proceeded to his own apartment, smiling as he thought, how surely Voleslas would find some excellent reason for delaying his appearance to the last possible moment. Full of this idea, and guessing what really took place,

namely, that Berkoviez would borrow the night to ride in, Kazimir was accosted by a Russian officer of Cavalry.

"What! you are merry withal, you look vastly satisfied with yourself? yet here have you been tilting with Jessipoff, the veriest puppy in the service, and about a Jewess, heaven help the mark!"

"Ah! was it Jessipoff? Jessipoff of the —th, I have heard of him," said Kazimir.

"Who doubts it? but what in the devil's name possessed your Quixoteship, that it must run against such a windmill as that?"

"My dear Rodonski, I did not run against Jessipoff, but only against his sabre, and that, when 'twas sheathed! I give you my word."

"But there was a dispute?" observed Rodonski.

"There was a sabre thrown across the road of a helpless girl, and I removed it, that was

all; whether she were a Jewess or not, I had no time to consider; but now you speak of it, I do believe she was of the unbelieving tribes, little clattering shoes to be sure she had—”

“And dark tunic, descending from very slender waist,” interpolated Rodonski.

“Likely enough—did you see her?”

“Not I, but one may guess so much of half her nation—half its petticoat part I mean, and the face—fellow soldier?”

“For my sins, Rodonski, I did not catch a glimpse of it.”

“And this was all?”

“All!” declared Romanowski—

“So much for General Bendtmann’s accuracy,” returned Rodonski, “he swore that you had levelled Jessipoff, after a fashion much admired by our English friend, Mainwaring; had torn the Jewess from his grasp, as he fell; sprang with her on Jessipoff’s own horse, his magnificent bay, and ridden off in sight of the whole garden.”

“And you believed this precious tale of Bendtmann’s?”

“Not entirely perhaps, for if a horse were in the case, that might well account for Bendtmann’s being a little puzzled on other points. You know Bendtmann! *Jurat Hipponá*, as the old Latin hath it, he swears by the Goddess, Protectress of Stables, and maketh salutation with his whip. Caligula doth he honour above all men, and if he desire to become an emperor, ’tis to follow his example. Hath he not vowed a pilgrimage to the tomb of Sultan Achmet, as the man who, of moderns, knew best how to bury his horse? but you admit that something occurred of what he amplified a little?”

“Has not some one else amplified too, a *little*, hey, Rodonski?”

“Ah! touchest thou mine honour! will not I slay thee where thou standest? yea, I swear it by the black colt of Bendtmann, that he left his dying mother to go visit. Hast thou for-

gotten that he growls forth his words as he thinks a horse might do, could it speak, a consummation he holds devoutly to be wished. But enough, I have given thee the substance of what he said, be content."

"The substance, to say nothing of certain little shadows flitting round it !

"It is all they are worth saying about," replied Rodonski laughing—"but, hark, in thy ear, one word Romanowski—forget Bendtmann as soon as thou wilt—forget his *horse*, he would call that the greater offence, but forget *not*, that the Duke will have no fighting done, save as he may bid ; *Vale*, old chum, go thy ways and mend :"—so saying, the good-natured Russian walked away, and Kazimir proceeded to the Ulica Miodowa, where he had occupied apartments in the Palatz Patza, since the loss of his family estates, which had involved also the loss of the Warsaw Palace.

On the following morning at daybreak, the servant of Kazimir waked him with looks of

terror, declaring that the President, Baron Lubowidski was in the Ante-room and in effect this great Personage entered almost as soon as announced.

“ My dear young friend, said the mildly mannered Functionary,” do not be alarmed, suffer not my presence to disturb you !”

“ I am sensible to the honour I receive from it, my Lord,” said Kazimir with some stiffness, but must regret your having troubled yourself to seek me in person, could I not have attended your leisure ?”

“ My dear Romanowski, you know my respect for your family, and for you who so worthily represent it ; the Czarevicz wishes to see you this morning, and I thought it might be less unpleasant for you to attend him in my carriage, and as accompanying me to his early levee, than to go in guard of the——”

“ Then . I am arrested !” said Kazimir quickly—“ well Baron, you do mean kindly doubtless, and I thank you ;” he extended his



hand with more frankness than he had before displayed towards his early visitor and both were shortly on their way to the Palace of the Belvedere, the Grand Duke's residence.

On the road, Lubowidski, who was not so bad a man as his office (Director of the Secret Police) would seem to imply, gave Kazimir much friendly counsel as to his demeanour towards the Czarevich, whom the President declared to be much enraged by a duel, to take place, as was reported that morning, between Kazimir and Captain Jessipoff of the Hussar Guards.

It was in vain that the Count assured Lubowidski he had not received a challenge from Jessipoff ; he could not deny that a dispute had taken place, and the courteous smile of the President was full of incredulity.

" You did not leave your Hotel through the whole of last evening, Count Kazimir. Now young men do not commonly pass the hours of gaiety in the solitude of their apartments—you expected a message."

"I expected a friend, soon to be a relation," replied Kazimir, not thinking it needful to add what was nevertheless the truth, that he chose to be in the way, lest a message *should* come.

I have heard of the proposed alliance between the noble house of Berkovicz and your own—if I mistake not Colonel Berkovicz reports himself at this morning's levee?

"His leave has expired, and he should do so; doubtless he will be at the Belvedere in time, but he had not arrived last night when I returned to my Hotel."

"It was commendable to await his coming so patiently," said Lubowidski with a peculiar look; "don't tell me, my dear Romanowski, I know the men of your family, these little things are not blazoned on the market-place but—"

"I tell you, Baron, upon my honour, Jes-sipoff has sent me no challenge!"

The serious tone in which this was spoken

had its full effect on Lubowidski ; he saw that no challenge had been received ; that one had been sent he well knew ; the messenger being no other than one of the sub-subs, of his sub-sub-subordinates ; this, however, he did not say to Kazimir, for why initiate him further into a system, well known however to exist, and the "employed" of which descends from the first Nobles down to such as Jessipoff's servant, and, if lower be, to them.

Yes, the President was now considerably puzzled ; the servant employed by Jessipoff to carry a note to the Hotel Patza, was like many another of his class an agent of the Secret Police. This man "contrived a double debt to pay," had fitly discharged his obligation, to his ostensible master, Captain Jessipoff, and duly bore the missive of that officer to its place of destination ; but he had then conscientiously made haste to perform his duty to his real Head and Chief, the State, by detailing the

whole affair to that "Pentweazle's man's man" of the "System," whose office was immediately above his own.

This latter respectable personage had lost no time in conveying the intelligence thus acquired to such as bore it on, till it gained the President himself; while a different set, equally industrious and pains-taking, of these virtuous persons, carried the news of the dispute to no less dignified a quarter than the Palace of the Czarevich, then the grand receptacle of Warsaw gossipry, little and large.

"How came this letter to fail of reaching Romanowski?" said the Baron Lubowidski to himself—but himself could give no intelligence—had he asked the same question of the servant who had just ushered him to the bedside of Kazimir, that worthy individual might have thrown a better light on the subject; whether he would have done so or not is another question.

Now from this entirely praiseworthy ar-

rangement of spies, &c., it resulted that Kazimir was roused from his light morning slumbers, which else had been prolonged to a somewhat later hour, seeing that he was not "for service" that day, consequently not of those whose duty called them by cock-crow to the Belvedere.

Kazimir and his conductor alighted from their Drosky at the outer barrier of the Palace, passing long files of carriages, belonging to the different military officers, now in waiting on the Czarevich, they crossed the crowded yet silent courts of the Belvedere, and soon found themselves in the ante-room of the Grand Duke's apartments, where all was prepared for his coming forth.

Here, certain "Companies for Inspection" stood, fixed as statues; the adjutant for the day, the inspectors of the squadron "for service," all wore looks of anxiety. Strangers waiting to be presented remained in awful expectation of the "coming forth," but the pair, whose move-

ments form our especial subject, made no pause, they passed their military acquaintance of various degrees and regiments with short and silent greetings, continuing their way to the upper end of the room.

Here Lubowidski spoke a few words to an official, who instantly departed; but returning in a few moments, he uttered a brief whisper to the Baron, who passed with his companion through the folding doors, at the extremity of the apartment, and were lost to the crowd of the ante-room. A moment later, and Romanowski found himself in the presence of the Czarevich.

We have already said that the countenance of Constantine was not of the most prepossessing character: on this morning it was even less attractive than usual.

The Duke was seated at a table, on which stood implements of writing, he held a pen in his hand, but was speaking, at the moment, to a young man in plain clothes, who, standing near the door, had been arrested, as it seemed

by the Duke's words, when in the act of departing.

"Wurtzburg," was the Czarevicz saying, "Wurtzburg! are there not Universities in Poland? have we none in our Russia? that you must all go to those hot-beds of sedition, Wurtzburg or Jena! 'tis at Jena that a Professorship of Rebellion has been established—is it not so, Batushka\*?" and he turned to General Kuruta, who was in waiting.

The General bowed with a puzzled look; but wisely hazarded no other reply; and the Czarevicz again addressed the stranger.

"Who holds the chair now?" he asked, protruding his lips, as was his custom when out of temper, and driving his words forth as though he would fain make each one hit hard

---

\* Batushka, Father—a Russian term of familiar friendliness, frequently addressed by Constantine to General Kuruta.

at the head of him he addressed. "Who is Professor now of that excellent Science? and thou—didst thou attend well to his lectures?"

He spoke in French to the student, who, prudently taking Kuruta for example, bowed profoundly, but spoke not; happily there was but slight pause to give him the opportunity of uttering words, before "Go," came thundering from the Grand Duke's grand mouth.

"Go! *mais*," an ill-natured pause, while he fixed his eyes, with a wickedly-angry look, on the pale civilian's face, "*mais—pourquoi ces moustaches? T'u n'es pas militaire? qu'ils soient rasés! qu'ils soient rasés!*"

The last syllable of each word in this amiable speech, had been elongated, to the successful production of most malicious emphasis, and as the frightened "plain-coat" backed from the presence, he had the full benefit of the charitable glance that accompanied the last musical note of the long drawn "*qu'ils soient rasés.*"



No very encouraging commencement this for the culprit Kazimir, about to be convicted of, he knew not precisely what ; but assuredly of disobedience, either committed or intended—a black crime in the Czarevicz Konstanty's code ; yet could he scarcely restrain a smile at the legitimate cause for wrath which the Duke had discovered in the person of the poor plain-coat ; he should rather have regretted that the good qualities of Constantine ruined and nullified as they were by the violence of his temper—but if these considerations had little weight with him, respect for the usages of the place had more ; he did not laugh ; but betook himself instead to considering his own situation, which, if not just now very alarming, might become so on short notice, the habits of the Czarevicz considered.

On the departure of the student, the Grand Duke had resumed his writing ; but after a few minutes so employed, he raised his head, and, in tones rather more dulcet than those

accorded to the previous listener, addressed himself to Kazimir—

“You had leave of absence, for the purpose of attending her Excellency the Countess Romanowska to the Baths of Glashutte, her physician prescribing those waters—was it not so?”

Kazimir bowed deeply in assent; and the Czarevitz proceeded.

“And you were to depart last night from Warsaw; but you chose to remain, for the purpose of meeting Captain Jessipoff in a duel this morning, notwithstanding my known prohibition of such meetings?” The Duke spoke rapidly, and was fast becoming heated. “Speak,” he exclaimed, “are not these things so?”

“I was prevented from attending my mother, as your Imperial Highness permitted me to do, by affairs with my banker,” and Kazimir reddened slightly, remembering how his fallen fortunes made his funds rather an affair of

doubtful negotiation than one of command, as they were wont to be.

"But not by those affairs only," said the Duke, yet in somewhat milder tones, for the history of the Romanowski house was not unknown to him—strictly honourable, in all matters where his temper blinded not his judgment, the Grand Duke Constantine had thought the estates lately alienated, justly due to the new claimant, or his influence had assuredly been exerted to prevent the hard fortune that even he regretted; thus it was in milder tones that he now spoke.

"Not only so, Captain Romanowski, but you proposed fighting a duel this morning with Captain Jessipoff, of the Hussar Guard!"

"Your Imperial Highness has not been rightly informed on that subject. I have had no such purpose, have sent no challenge to Captain Jessipoff—"

"Nor received any," he would have said, but the Grand Duke broke in again.

"You equivocate sir! he challenged you, it is the same thing."

"Your Imperial Highness will pardon me," said Kazimir, again colouring, but this time with anger, at the offensive term "equivocate."

"I have had no message from Captain Jessipoff, and—"

The speech of Kazimir was here interrupted by one of those trifles so truly said to form the sum of human things.

A large monkey had been seated at the table with the Duke, engaged in gravely writing despatches, doubtless of no small importance, for his monkeyship had been so deeply intent on his work, that up to the present time he had not favoured the company with any share of his attention. It happened now, however, that the Duke drew towards himself a figure of Siberian Porphyry which, representing one of those Isbitene-sellers so common in the Russian cities, offered a less

palatable mixture than that of honey, spices, and so forth, sold by his brethren, and served, in short, to the Duke as his inkstand; this, Constantine drew towards him as aforesaid—perhaps in absence, for he was not writing at the time; but whatever the motive, the act was displeasing to the monkey, who, finding the vessel inconveniently beyond his reach, darted suddenly on the Sbitene-seller, carried him off bodily, together with his stock in trade, and decamping with his booty, could find no more fitting perch, in his apish judgment, than the shoulders of General Kuruta; there then he sat, “mopping and mowing,” as he lovingly hugged the bearded standish, which he rested on the warlike head of his supporter.

So far things went fairly, but once well seated, the brute gave his prize such violent shakes, in the energy of his remonstrance with his Imperial offender, that the ebon streams,

over-leaping their just boundaries, came pouring down the dismayed face of the General, whose looks of rage, subdued by enforced respect towards the monkey of his master, were so unutterably comical, that the imperial sides shook with laughter. He roared, the Czarevicz Konstanty ! all cares of his dignity laid down for the nonce, the wrinkles flew out of his heart and his temper together, tears, certainly not of sympathy with the misery of poor Kuruta, filled his eyes, and the paroxysm was continuous as well as violent. At length, his Imperial Highness had laughed to his heart's content ; he ceased, wiped his eyes, and shortly afterwards re-acquired the faculty of speech.

This he first used for the benefit of his monkey—"forgive him, Batushka," he said to the motley-faced general, "poor old Ulpy, forgive him ! thou knowest he had well nigh shot me no long time since,

yet I pardoned him, do not thou be less placable."

This was true, the beast had one day possessed himself of a loaded pistol, and had pointed it at the Czarevich, who but narrowly escaped the inglorious fate he had just named—that of being shot by a monkey.

The gentle Konstanty was not a prince to sue in vain, and Kuruta hastened to assure his master, that Uipy could do no wrong; the bitter stream that filled his mouth as he opened it for that purpose, giving very pertinent contradiction to the falsehood.

This last mishap, with the contortions, that all Kuruta's courtliness sufficed not wholly to control, had nearly started the Czarevich into a second fit of laughter; the wretch of an ape then suddenly changed its caprice, threw the standish on the richly covered floor, released Kuruta, and betook itself to a new amusement. Dismissed with little ceremony from his new post of mon-

key bearer, the resigned eyes of the general asked permission to seek the ablutions, become so needful to him ; this was graciously accorded, and the Duke proceeding to the ante-room, for the purpose of holding the morning levee, the hour for which had now arrived, waved to Kazimir also a not unwelcome permission to depart.



## CHAPTER VII.

Let the toper his empty glasses fill ;  
And the gambler throw his dice with skill ;  
Let the huntsman gallop his steed at will ;  
And the warrior other warriors kill !

Let the courtier buzz in the palace gate ;  
The usurer eat the youth's estate ;  
The lawyer pillage, and prose, and prate ;  
I nothing care !  
If of this world's follies I get my share ;  
Let each just do as he likes—that's fair !

*From the Polish of Cajetan Wergiewski.*

*Translated by Dr. Bowring.*

WITH a carelessness as to the doings of others,  
not unlike to that professed by the songster

above quoted, did Zahroun depart for Dantzick ; the difference between the two being principally that the " Monies" of this world rather than its " follies," were the Jew's object, first and last.

The efforts of the worthier Nathan had not availed, as it should seem, to draw from his brother any explanation as to Zarifa, and the good old Israelite had left his favourite, to the bitter regret of both.

The day following the departure of the Jews, was that of the interview detailed in the last chapter, between the Czarevich and Count Kazimir ; evening approached, and Zarifa was repeating the instructions left by her father to one of his agents, when she was interrupted by a Russian boy, who had long held service in the family of Zahroun, but had of late been placed by the Jew with a proprietor of Droskies, in whose trade, Ben Zakaria's universal genius for making profits had led him to take share.

"I am your servant, Panienska,"\* said Nikolay, "exhibiting the deep and respectful Russian bow, "you were pleased to say it was ill for me to be the groom of our neighbour, Jagel, but some good may come of it."

"I see not how, Nikolay; Jagel is a bad man, you are an orphan, and I was sorry that my father placed you under his orders, I am so still, what good can come of it?"

"This, Panienska; my master knew Jagel for a cheat; he put me to take care for him, as I will do, Saint Nikolay to aid, but the best is, that, I have thus heard how the noble Count Romanowski is this night to be arrested; you are the friend of that house, Panienska, their sorrow would grieve you—you will give them warning."

Questioning further, Zarifa discovered that the

---

\* Panienska, young lady, Miss.

Count had left Constantine apparently pacified ; but that the Baron Cheffkine had spent some time with the Grand Duke after the morning Review, immediately on which had followed an order for Kazimir's arrest, which would take place in a few hours, Nikolay declared, if not prevented ; how the Baron had contrived to impose on the Czarevich was of course unknown to the boy—all he knew he had told—

“But are you certain of all this, Nikolay, how do you know it ?”

Nikolay was silent for some moments, but at length he declared that nothing should be concealed from the Panienska ; he was himself to accompany those who had it in charge to take Count Kazimir to the Convent of Cister-tians in the Praga suburb ; what Romanowski's after destination might be, Nikolay had not heard.

“Then you are indeed of that unworthy band Nikolay ! it is to be a Spy that you are given to Jagel.”

"What will yon have, Panienska ? I eat the bread of my master Zahroun, he received me when the deadly Lokaratka,\* held me fast; now chilling me to the bones with her icy fingers, now breathing from her hot mouth, till my life melted within me; he gave me food and shelter when none else offered it, and I do his bidding."

You say truly Nikolay—my father was kind to you, may your gratitude never become your misfortune."

"It will not Panienska, St. Nikolay forbids it, as he rewards the true servant—you too, what do I not owe to yourself—who else drove the Fever-Spirit forth? she ever departed when you stood by my bed, and at length dared

---

\* Lokaratka, a form of Ague and Fever peculiar to Poland and Russia; in which the patient believes himself haunted by a tall female figure, her presence bringing on the hot and cold fits, as described in the text.

no more appear before the strong charm of your remedies,—but you look grave, Panienka, you are angry.”

“Not angry, Nikolay, only sorry. Why must your obedience be your bane? I will pray my father to remove you from this Jagel, he cannot know that bad man’s trade!”

“I will not say, Panienka—when he left us I had his strict orders to do whatever Jagel directed, but to keep a good account of all; he did not however command me to conceal from you, what you may choose to know, so I come to tell you of this arrest; you will tell the Countess or the Lady Fedora, they will manage the matter and—”

“They are at Labronna, Nikolay; it is the Count himself that we must warn, you must go at once to his hotel.”

“Pardon, Panienka, even now must I be with Jagel, the time is nearly come that he bade me not pass over—you will find another messenger, I should but do mischief—I salute you humbly mistress!” added the boy as he

turned to depart, "and I swear by our Lady of Kusan, that I will do no harm, and all the good I can ; do not look sad Panienska ! see ! have I not begun well in telling you this ?"

Hé received a kind look from Zarifa, who thought this no time to say that he had broken trust to give her the valuable information just imparted ; the boy then retired, leaving his young mistress in deep thought as to what should next be done.

At length she rose with an air of decision, and proceeded to her father's magazines ; dresses of various kinds were there, made for different markets, by Zahrour's people, and selecting that of a boy, Zarifa assumed, yet not without embarrassment, the unaccustomed habiliments.

The close frock wrapped well around her delicate form, she yet shrank with a sense of pain from what she felt to be an unseemly garb ; and it was not till an ample cloak gave added shelter, that she felt dressed at all, or in any condition to brave the looks of passers by,

though the dusk of evening was falling : her head-dress was a matter of little difficulty ; the attendance of Zarifa on the last days of Salome had caused a fever which had made the removal of her luxuriant hair matter of necessity ; and the short thick curls that, for the present, replaced her long tresses, were not ill suited to the appearance she desired to assume.

All arranged, Zarifa regarded her changed appearance in the mirror of her chamber ; but shame crimsoned her face at the sight ; and giving to it an expression but ill suiting the dress she wore ; she made but a sorry figure in her own eyes, although when her blush had subsided, an unsuspecting observer would have seen in her nothing more remarkable than a very handsome boy.

Thoughts of her errand quickly came to displace all thought of herself ; and she was soon at the Palace of Patzka.

Directed to the apartments of Kazimir, she found his ante-room strewn with preparations



for departure ; and his servant, whom she had seen in attendance on the Count, and who was therefore not unknown to her, though she was entirely so to him, busily occupied in arranging them. Romanowski was not in his room, and, for a moment, Zarifa hoped that he had already left Warsaw ; but, enquiring if this were so, with more eagerness of manner than she was perhaps, aware of and more than the sage Henryk thought the occasion needed, that person started to his feet from the large trunk he was packing, and confronted her with looks of determined hostility.

“Left Warsaw ! - yes, he has, or will have done so before you get speech or message to him. What !—you have the grace to be ashamed of your errand ?” for the ready flush was hot on the frightened girl’s face, “you are not he who came yesterday, I see ; that was an older sinner, else might you have known that ’tis but labour lost, to bring such errands here. I have eaten my master’s bread

too long, to let him run into the lion's mouth while I can hold him back; he gets no challenge through my hands; you can leave it, but I'll burn it as I did that of yesterday. Was not I near when your master got check from my noble lord? Go, boy, go. I know all Captain Jessipoff's young gallows-birds, though they do mount strange feathers—aye, hide your gay jacket; but I can see through a thicker cloak than that you wrap over it; don't I know the hang-dog look of every servant in Captain Jessipoff's train? Go—tell your lord 'tis labour lost; the will of the Duke is no secret, and I am a dutiful subject—no fighting here, unless I break your bones for loitering when I say begone.”

And Henryk approached to put the supposed boy forth; but, drawing back from his grasp, Zarifa succeeded, when she had once an opportunity of speaking, in convincing Henryk that her errand was such as he might lawfully forward to his master; this under-

stood, he directed her to the Hotel of Berkovicz, with whom Count Kazimir was then to be found.

To the Ulica Długa then went Zarifa, Henryk remaining to amuse the expected visitants from the secret police, and to prevent, if possible, the supposition that Romanowski's departure had been hastened by their coming.

Turning into the Długa Street, from that of Miodova, Zarifa perceived the Count in conversation with another officer, whose extraordinary height, noble port, and uniform of the Chasseur-guard, pointed him out as Berkovicz, the lover of the gentle Julia.

Knowing the friendship and close connection subsisting between the young men, Zarifa summoned courage to approach, undeterred by the presence of Berkovicz, whose advice or assistance might be useful; but before she reached the spot where they stood, the friends had separated, Voleslas walking away in the direction of the Freta-street, while Kazimir, taking

the road to his own Hotel, came towards Zarifa.

He paused courteously, as the boy's desire to address him became manifest, and was soon informed of his new position.

A second arrest, and that at the instance of his known enemy Cheffkine ! It was a thing to be avoided ; Zarifa's perfect acquaintance with all the circumstances had enabled her to seize the strongest points of the case, and these she had rapidly laid before him with an intelligence that could not escape his perception.

It was well known that more than one person had disappeared from Warsaw, the charges against them not too clearly explained, and their supposed innocence none availing, because this they were prevented from making manifest to the Czarevich, a prince notoriously liable to be deceived by the misrepresentations of unworthy favorites, even though his own violent temper were not aroused, as it too frequently was, to the total extinction of his

better qualities. Persons thus withdrawn from society had been known to suffer long incarceration, and Kazimir felt that a similar lot might be his; still, to leave Warsaw, as it were, by stealth, and like a criminal, revolted him; he walked on, cogitating the chances of a second interview with the Czarevich, when all might go well, even though no Ulpý stretched forth a meddling paw; but how unlikely was it that any such appeal would be permitted! Pondering thus, the Count proceeded—the supposed boy following anxiously a pace behind—till he got into the street of his Hotel—at the farther end of which Zarifa perceived Nikolay on his Drosky.<sup>1</sup> The minions of tyranny were at hand then! and urged by fears for the Count's safety, she placed herself directly in his path to prevent his further progress; she would have spoken to entreat his return; but overcome by shame and terror, and the novelty of her situation, she burst into tears instead. Stopping at once, as the boy hid his face in his hands, and

stood fixed before him, Kazimir questioned him in mild tones on the cause of so unwonted an exhibition.

"How is this, my poor boy ; is it for me or for yourself that you fear so violently ?"

"They are coming—they are in the street even now—they will see you—and the Countess, the Lady Julia—how will they bear it ? and I, who owe them so much ! I am too late to prevent this misery ! Go back, my Lord Count, a few paces only ! out of this street, from their sight."

And the slight figure kept between the Count and his enemies as though it could possibly be the screen of a form like his.

Impelled by the evident terror of the boy, Kazimir now turned for a few paces, a movement that placed him again in the Długa Street and out of view of his danger-surrounded home.

"And you are one of my mother's wards, good boy ? well, you show much zeal in her service, she would indeed be more terrified by my detention, than the occasion might war-

rant—my sisters too. Yes—I will set off at once—'tis but a few hours earlier than I had purposed, and the danger may be as you describe it; we are close to the Hotel Wilna, my horses are there, an hour's ride, and I shall overtake the public carriage that passes Labronna. Forward boy, tell them to saddle—or stay, I shall be there as soon as thyself—thy name, child, that I may tell my mother how well her cares for thee have been repaid—art thou of the school she had near Vola, boy?"

"I was educated by the bounty of the noble Countess, may it please your excellency," replied Zarifa, glad to escape the first part of the query, for she had not provided herself with a name to suit her coat.

"And thou hast profited well by it, as I shall not fail to report, when thou hast told me thy name."

"Will it please you, my lord, to give me your commands for your servant—it was

agreed that he should remain at your hotel, as in expectation of your Excellency's return, and that I should go to him with notice of your departure, and with your orders for his own guidance."

•

"'Twas well managed, boy, tell Henryk then, to say no word of this to my friend Colonel Berkovicz; this cloud may be suffered to blow over, when Cheffkine shall find me gone from his present attempt, and 'twere needless to put further enmity between that bad man and the Colonel Berkovicz. Thy conduct in this affair marks discretion beyond thy years, and I trust thee to make my wish in the matter clear to Henryk, who can, at times, exercise a will of his own, if he thinks it for my good; say to him, that thus I will have it, and bid him follow me to Labronna; we are at the hotel now, thou seest, and thou mayst leave me, but be sure that in me thou hast a friend who will not forget thee, seek me



therefore, if such a one should become needful to thee." Saying this Romanowski was drawing forth his purse to reward the messenger in the customary fashion, by way of commencement, but the latter made his lowly salutations with all possible speed, and was soon at some distance on his way back to the Palatz-Pačka.

The Drosky of Nikolay was now standing near the hotel ; two men were also near, whose appearance denoted nothing official ; but the well-informed Zarifa was at no loss to guess their errand ; a third was speaking to them, who afterwards entered the hotel, and as Zarifa passed on to the Count's apartments, she heard the voice of the stranger enquiring his way thither. Darting forward, the seeming boy gave Henryk the commands of his master in few, but forcible words, warned him of the enemy's approach, and leaving the faithful valet to baffle the messenger as he best might, was retracing his steps through the spacious

corridors, while the official still waited in the vestibule, for an attendant to conduct him to the Count's apartments.

Gaining the street unmolested, Zarifa passed Nikolay, who, unconscious of her disguise, did not observe the supposed boy—although, mindful of his Panienska's friends, he was even then employed in thinking whether or not she had found the needful messenger to give Count Kazimir warning, as he well trusted she would do : the object of his cares, meanwhile, hastened homeward, threw off her disguise, and betook herself to her customary employments, with thoughts and feelings how fully occupied, we leave the reader to imagine.

## CHAPTER VIII.

He looks on the armour,  
'Tis all that destruction hath left of their name !  
His bosom beats warmer,  
His spirit is roused by the touch of their fame,  
Though the helmets before him  
Are broken and dim,  
He remembers who wore them !  
And oh ! they are sacred and splendid to him !

*The Russian Poet Zhukovsky.*

*Dr. Bowring's Translation.*

THE arrival of Kazimir at Labronna, which place he reached without let or hindrance, and where he had for some days been expected, was hailed with delight by the whole household. The joy

of the Countess at sight of her noble son, was mingled with sadness as she bade him welcome to the poor dwelling—once the mere hunting-seat, but now the only home of his house ; but that of his young sisters was untainted by any feeling of bitterness. The splendid halls of the Warsavian Palace, the feudal magnificence of their princely domains in Volhynia, their beautiful Residenz at Glinianka, these had not been resigned without regret, but in youth the feelings quickly become accommodated to circumstances, and Labronna had been, beside, the free and favorite haunt of their childhood. The girls had not now to discover that their birds sang just as sweetly here as at the Castle of Glinianka, or at the hereditary palace of Cajetanow, their flowers bloomed as fairly, the sky smiling over them was equally blue to the clear eyes of Fedora, equally bright to the vivid imagination of Julia, who saw all things robed in hues of her own painting ; hues more radiant it may be, than any that bless with beauty the world we

gaze on—yes, equally bright and fair were all things essential here, as had been seen or fancied by the two young sisters in more pompous dwellings; joyously therefore did they welcome their brother, and many were the pleasures they held in store for his delectation.

The reduced household, too, respectfully solicitous to make the day of their master's arrival one of distinction, gave all within their reach the guise of festival; every face wore its happiest look, and now the preparations for removal to the Baths of Glashutte, went gaily forward, seeing that the indisposition of the Countess, the cause assigned by her physician for a journey, which he felt no objection to take himself rather existed in his own ideas, than to the perception of others, not excepting the patient herself.

Henryk had not yet arrived at Labronna, although several days had now elapsed since his master had left Warsaw, and this to the latter was a source of some anxiety; but he

concealed it from his family, for why remind them of that powerful enemy, with whom it was now vain to attempt wrestling ; he shunned to do this, and though eager to describe to the Countess her young ward's grateful cares for his safety, he remained silent, until a fairer opportunity for his doing so should present itself.

The Baron Cheffkine might have contented himself with receiving from the Romanowski house, those possessions thought by many to be his legal right, but he had not done so, a spirit of malevolence had been seen to govern him throughout, and his conduct was rather that of one who wrests unjustly the due right of another, than the temperate forbearance proper to him who does but enter on his own. This had been perceived in many instances by Kazimir, who yet felt compelled to endure, what, but for the helpless beings whose happiness hung on his safety, he would gladly have given his life to avenge. Devoted as are most of the Polish nobles to a military life, it

was in the power of the grand Duke's favourite to make Romanowski feel his hatred, in common with many another officer, all more than his (Cheffkine's) equal perhaps in birth, but by military subordination placed beneath him. This fact Baron Cheffkine had not failed to render obvious, and very general was the feeling his tyranny had excited against him, although his power and influence with the Czarevich, made all careful in the expression of what they felt

Thoughts of these things disturbed the tranquillity of Kazimir in the home he would have else found a happy one; he looked on the walls of this, the ancient Lodge of his fathers, he saw their swords, never to be buckled on by him, save for the service of the stranger; the former Vassals of his princely Sires:\* the possessions of his race were wrested

---

\* Our readers will not require to be reminded that Poland was once the dominant Power, and Russia the tributary.

from him by quibbles of law, while his arm felt no want of the power, by which these had been won and defended, and his soul owned not the absence of the firm will to guide it ; yet, he must sit quietly down, with all his injuries unavenged, while his enemy walked proudly over the graves of his buried fathers, or, seated in their halls, gave command to those, who had once acknowledged no law but his own word. These were bitter thoughts, but the voice of his gentle sister, had ever a magic in its tones, that expelled them, and brought back milder feelings in their place. The songs of Julia, bursting forth spontaneously as did those of the birds, whose soft plumage she loved to caress, never failed to soothe him ; seated, her small harp beside her, she looked the very Spirit of harmony, and all dark thoughts fled her presence, as if its holiness were too pure to brook their being. Deprived of one sense, the fair blind girl was richly endowed with perfection in others, a compensation not uncommon



in the government of Infinite Goodness : more, she possessed an added faculty of the highest order ; Julia was a musician in the best and widest sense of the word, her every thought was attuned to harmony, and as the village child paused and wept, or bounded with irrepressible glee, in accordance with her varying strains ; so did the profound Master in Science hear the well nigh inspired outbreathings of the seraph girl with the most intense admiration, the deepest respect, or at times with unbounded astonishment ; for her powers were something almost superhuman.

Tranced in the rich atmosphere her pure breathings threw around, Kazimir was lying on the flowery turf of his sisters' garden, their own peculiar domain, several days after his arrival at home ; Fedora, also his companion, had been suddenly called away ; but too deeply engaged to do more than just perceive her absence, he continued listening : after a time she returned, but Kazimir did not remark the

traces of deep anxiety on her countenance, keeping his eyes fixed with melancholy affection on the clear and beautiful, though sightless orbs of his Julia. She it was then who first observed the change in Fedora's manner and called on her sister to say why she spoke in tones so sad.

"I have head-ache, my Loolianka\*, but I am going to see old Moritz and shall soon run away from it," said Fedora, affecting a gaiety she did not feel.

"Then is Moritz ill," said Julia, "head-aches do but give pain, they don't grieve us, and thou art *grieved*, Fedora; could thy voice deceive me? do not I know its every tone and shadow of change?"

"He is not well," admitted Fedora, relieved to find her sister's suspicions taking this direction, rather than one more alarming. "His daughter Marciuska says he has passed an

---

\* Loolianka, diminutive of endearment—Julia.

unquiet night—it may do him good to see one of us, she thinks, and I am going to his cottage even now.”

“Say a kind word to the old man for me, Fedora; I shall see him myself before Loolie and I set off to Stefanow,” said Kazimir.

“And give him Loolie’s love, Fedora,” said Julia, “how well he drew my garden chair, only thyself could do it better, Kashko dearest, and thou shalt take me now to see the Bees at Karol Bort’s—come! we can’t go with Fedora to Moritz, the path she has taken is too steep for my carriage; and the common road too long for my horse—he’s a lazy one,” so saying Julia linked her arm caressingly in that of her brother, turned her glad and smiling eyes up to the face that she felt looked kindly over her, and was presently going along smoothly in the direction she had indicated, happily unconscious that the cloud on her sister’s brow was but the reflection of one then lowering over her own happiness, and threatening to overwhelm it in utter ruin.

Henryk had just arrived at Labronna, but the news he brought with him were of such a kind as made it prudent to relate them first to the Countess or the Lady Fedora ; and to hear these it was that the latter had been called from her brother's side.

Henryk told, that on the morning which followed the departure of Count Kazimir for Labronna—the Colonel Berkovicz, attending the usual Parade in the Plac Saski,\* had been coarsely taxed with falsehood by the Czarevich before the face of his Regiment—thereupon the noble Voleslas, laid his sword at the Grand Duke's feet. Being commanded to resume it, and to retake his place, the outraged officer refused, and was forthwith placed under arrest, not being consigned, as usual, to the Guard-house of his Regiment, but taken to the Belvedere,—nor was this the worst, he was thence to be removed to Modlin, or the dreaded Zamosc, not as having offended the

---

\* Plac Saski,—Saxon Square, the place of daily Parade in Warsaw under the Grand Duke Constantine.

Duke, but as implicated in a Conspiracy—*discovered*, as some averred, three days before, *invented*, as others believed, to promote some design of the restless favourite, Cheffkine.

“But what has the Colonel Berkovicz done to make Baron Cheffkine his enemy,” asked the Countess “surely his connection with my unhappy house has not brought on *him*, too, that bad man’s hatred.”

“Honoured Lady, the high-born Colonel is supposed to have given intelligence to my Lord of the Baron’s purpose to arrest him.”

“And was it thus, Henryk? Was my son, too, aimed at? And did his friend give him warning?”

“By no means, noble mistress,” said Henryk, replying to that part of the query which it best suited him to answer, nor slow to perceive that he had just divulged what his master had been pleased to keep secret. “By no means, madam, the well born Colonel, it seems, stood near, when his Excellency, the Baron, gave certain orders that—”

Henryk paused, fearing to disclose what his lord chose to conceal.

“The warning came from a stranger boy, whom I had nearly driven away, without hearing him, believing the child to be a page of the Captain Jessipoff’s.”

“A page of Captain Jessipoff’s, and you were driving him away? The Noble you name is of good house, and may be known to your lord; what is this, Henryk? You are concealing something; lest we suffer pain that you would fain spare us—tell it at once—faithful servant of my house, you are new to sinister practice and may scarcely prosper in it.”

Thus adjured, the man bowed deeply to the noble lady, he cleared his throat, for the gratifying manner of her reproof had made it husky, spoke of the dispute in the Ograd Kracinski, of the suspected duel and of its consequences; he then passed on to say—that Cheffkine, choosing to take for granted that Berkovicz had heard and baffled his purpose of arresting Kazimir—had pointed him out to the Grand Duke, as the

person who had caused his orders to fail of execution. Now Konstant, losing his temper, at sight of Berkovicz, had taxed him publiely, with what the Baron had meant to be privately heard, and acted on, but not repeated—thus the intended arrest of Romanowski, before a secret, transpired, and great murmuring had ensued at these violent proceedings against two officers so much respected as were Kazimir and Berkovicz.

Then came the question, what had they done? for the Count, his intended duel with Jessipoff—also under arrest in the Barracks of his regiment—sufficed to reply: the fact of that affair having been explained to the Czarevicz, was carefully suppressed—and the Duke's determination to prevent duelling being known, and, by the better sort, greatly approved—nothing further was to be said. What, however, was the sin of Berkovicz? he denied, on his honour, all knowledge of the intended duel, nor had he participated in the evasion of Captain Romanowski; being asked if he would

have assisted that evasion had he been called on to do so, he not improperly declined to say, but further pressed, he declared that had he seen his friend injured, he would have aided him to repel the oppression.

“By whomsoever inflicted?” asked the Imperial questioner.

Just so, His Imperial Highness had rightly explained the Colonel’s meaning! Then the Duke, enraged by his coolness, had coarsely charged him with falsehood, before the face of his brothers in arms.

What remained, but for Berkovicz to resign a sword that he might not use to wipe out the affront, and would not wield again at command of him who had offered it—of that Prince who had so totally forgotten to be a gentleman, and whose word could thus brand him.

All declared the conduct of Voleslas most temperate, most worthy of himself; the subject occupied much attention in Warsaw, the gene-



ral feeling was entirely with Berkovicz, and murmurs there were in abundance, but the power of the favorite was unlimited, and what might be the result of a charge so serious as that of Conspiracy, it was frightful to think.

With such a load on her thoughts, it is not wonderful that the head of Fedora should ache, it had else acknowledged little sympathy with her heart ; but the walk, her proposed remedy, was not effectual, and she returned, unrelieved, except by the consideration that her presence had soothed and gratified a respected and faithful follower of her house, and by the fact that a plan, which had occurred to her on the way to his cottage, had been approved by the wise old man, to whom she had confided her embarrassment, and whose words were of much authority.

Fedora found the Countess overwhelmed by fears for Kazimir ; should intelligence of these events reach him, he would assuredly fly, at all hazards, to Warsaw, for the purpose of ex-

operating his friend from suspicion of having aided him to escape the tyranny of Cheffkine. Consequences possible and impossible rose up in array before the terrified Countess, whose wonted firmness forsook her at the sight; she shuddered as she thought of what might be the result of such a step; her son, her only one, given up to the wrath of the ungoverned Czarevicz—nay, what should prevent the Duke from sending to seize him even there—to tear him from her very arms—and she looked around with a startled aspect, as if expecting to see the myrmidons of tyranny even then approaching.

Fedora began to fear for her mother's senses, and when a burst of tears relieved her overcharged heart, the drops that, pouring from eyes so proud, would, on ordinary occasions, have shocked her child, were now seen with thankfulness.

“Will you hear me, dearest mother?” she said, soothingly, when the Countess was more

composed, "I have consulted old Moritz, and described to him a plan that he thinks not impracticable—will you let me tell it, dear mamma?"

"Alas! my child, yes—tell it; but evil times are these for my house, when there is none to give counsel but a menial, and only one weak girl to act on the counsel thus given. Yet, speak, Fedora—what says old Moritz, he is faithful, at least, and not untaught by the world—what says he, child?"

"He thinks as we do, that we must conceal these things from Kazimir, if possible, and the rather, as, from the more serious charge—that of conspiracy—he could not free Voleslas, but might well endanger himself. Moritz says, that since the Duke has not yet sent hither to take my brother—as he has had several days time to do—it is nearly certain that he has abandoned this unpopular measure, and means to leave Kazimir quiet, if he will remain so; but that he may do this, you must

proceed to Glashutte as was intended, taking my brother with you."

"Aye—if he be not yet prevented," said the Countess, shuddering.

Fedora shared her terrors ; but, mastering her feelings by strong effort, she proceeded to enforce this arrangement, because intelligence of Berkovicz's detention must inevitably reach Kazimir soon at Labronna, while, if he departed, it might possibly be concealed, until means had been used for the Colonel's release.

"It was of that I was about to speak, Fedora ; can we go hence and leave our dear Voleslas unaided ?"

"God forbid it, mother—no. I have promised Voleslas—deeply promised myself—to guard our Julia from whatever might assail her—how should I fulfil this promise either to him or to myself, if I were to propose that *he*, her whole world, should be left to struggle alone with danger—our poor Julia. Oh, mother,

how much the worst of all is her part—how is she to bear it, if aught but good befall Berkovicz.”

“ ’Tis a frightful truth,” said the Countess, becoming very pale. “ God forgive me, I thought first of the pride of my house, my Kazimir; but if my Julia do indeed lose the love that has gilded her innocent being, then may I say with the man of old times, ‘ what good shall my life do to me.’ ”

“ Do not think of it, dearest mother ; this cannot, will not be ; but, that it *may* not, hear what I have more to propose, nor call my plan a wild or foolish one—let me go to Warsaw, mother ? ”

“ To Warsaw ! Fedora—and when there, what could you do ? you, a girl ! almost a child ! ”

“ I could go to the Grand Duchess Konstanty, mamma, she was the friend of your more prosperous days—she—”

"Say rather, Fedora, that the daughter of the Pan Grudzinski, was honoured in her youth by the notice of my noble—"

"Pardon, dear mother," interrupted, but with respect, the anxious Fedora, "she is a good and amiable woman—all revere the Princess Lovicz—let it pass; though her house was not of the noblest, she can and may give us help in this strait—it is our only hope, or if you know another, name it, and that other shall be sought."

"I know of none, Fedora, none! but what hope is here? or, if there were, how can you go to Warsaw—how conceal from your brother that you do so, or the motive of so strange a step?"

"It is difficult—but not impossible—to Kazimir your wish that I should remain here will suffice—he will take it as a matter of course—I fear for Julia more—we have never been separated, and how to account to her for our sudden change of plan, I confess I know

not ; will you not assist me, dear mother, for you know it must be by your command that I refrain from my accustomed attendance on my sister, nothing less could reconcile her to relinquishing what is so justly her due."

"You take my consent to this wild scheme of your Warsaw journey for granted then, do you?" said the Countess, gloomily.

"Surely no, dearest mother, not until you have accorded it ; but what can be done ? is there aught beside ? suggest only, and see how readily I shall obey you."

"I do believe you, my own good girl," said the mother, softened by the gentle tones and pleading looks of her child. "Alas ! there is no other—you must try what you have resolved on. And now leave me—I must write to the Princess, since better may not be ; for your sister—it was proposed that she should proceed to Stefanow in the cool hours of this evening with Kazimir—let her do so—you will stay with me—and when I join them to—

morrow, it will be sufficient to say that I have thought it needful to leave you. Thank Heaven, my children have never yet questioned my decisions ; they, at least, obey me still."

"And so must they ever do, dear mother ;" replied Fedora, anxious to soothe the pride that she saw was roused and wounded by the necessity for becoming a petitioner to the lowly-born wife of Constantine the Princess Lovicz.

Yet the thought of her poor Julia's disappointment at the proposed separation was a sore trial to Fedora, and she longed to pray that her mother would lighten it to that dear, helpless one, as much as might be. She did not, however, venture further remark, but withdrew, as the Countess had desired, reminding herself, that Olga, the personal attendant of the Countess Julia, was entirely devoted to her lady ; but, after all, only reconciled to the desertion of her sister by her strong hope



of thereby guarding Julia from a much heavier loss.

Evening came, the brother and sister, unsuspecting evil, departed on their pleasant road to the pretty village of Stefanow, where preparations had already been made for their reception. Henryk had managed better with his master than with the Countess; there was not so much to conceal—he was not wedded to the difficult task of half telling, half suppressing a story, the details of which were moreover so intertwined, that to relate what might safely be told, and give no glimpse of what were better left untalked of, was a task for a Machiavel, and Henryk was but a plain-going serving man.

No—the Countess had been too many for Henryk; not so his master, one bold denial did the business.

“Have you anything particular to relate, Henryk?”

“Nothing ! may it please your Excellency.” And his Excellency was pleased, for he had doubtless heard some Polish truism, to the effect, that “no news is good news.”

The last orders of Kazimir to his servant were, that he should remain at Labronna to attend his mother and sister on the morrow, but Henryk had received other commands from his Lady—to wit, that he should first expedite the Countess Fedora’s journey to Warsaw ; these last, he proceeded at once to execute, the moment his master’s back was turned, and for that purpose he forthwith sought the stables.

These were a large, but now nearly tenantless range of buildings ; arrived wherein, Henryk summoned to his august presence, their superintendent, Lukasz—Lukasz, now sole representative of the once numerous tribe, formerly serving the many four-footed dwellers beneath their spacious roof.

“Thou art to be honoured above thy deserts,

Bratz,"\* said the Valet, when the stable functionary emerged, from the recesses of his domain, "the Lady Fedora permits thy attendance, she goes to Warsaw; let thy faithful service show thee sensible to the distinction offered—dost hear man? thou must prepare to attend the Countess Fedora to Warsaw."

"To Warsaw! aye," returned he of the curry-comb, "my blessing on her beautiful eyes—to Warsaw! why not Henryk? to the world's end, if she bid; tis all one to Lukasz."

"How now, what have we here?" enquired the Valet, "was thy will consulted? and dost thou know tis the noble Countess herself, that thy tongue so prates of?" Henryk permitted none to use familiarity with the sacred persons of the family, not even himself. It is true, that he sometimes deemed their interest to warrant his use of a privilege acquired by a life of fidelity, that of acting by his own

---

\* Bratz, brother.

judgment on their behalf, without first consulting their supreme will, when emergencies appeared to require it ; thus he did in burning the challenge of Jessipoff, but this was the very extent of his own license, and yet here was this stable-keeper—he looked curiously at Lukasz—the mystery was solved, Henryk drew back with turned up nose, his gentleman's gentlemanly notions considerably shocked—“What is this, thou beast ? thou art drunk ; drunk as Sukador, the Bohemian ! St. Stanislaus ! thy breath has Vodky\* in it enough to poison the very horses. I'll tell thee what, Lukasz,” he continued, in tones of anger, “the lot of the brute Bohemian will be thine, as I live by the bread of Romanowski ! thou shalt hear it, fellow servant ; he set fire to his soul with that Vodky curse, and the flames burst out from eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, to say

---

\* Vodky, a distillation from corn, much used in Poland.

nothing of his finger ends, which were all ten blazing like pine torches! dost hear, beast?"

Lukasz shook his head with drunken gravity, holding up his hands at the same time, as a passing gleam of consciousness glimmered uncertainly on his muddled perceptions, to assure himself that his own fingers had not yet begun to supply the undesirable light Henryk named; all was right, nothing luminous appeared about the grim thick ends, and reassured, Lukasz replied—

"I do hear, Henryk, I do! he was a sad fellow, Sukador; I warned him often—but that Vodky! that Vodky!"

"Aye! that Vodky!" said Henryk, mockingly, "that Vodky! it finished him some hundred years before thou wast born, spite of all thy warning, as thou sayest. Go, wretch," he continued, in tones of more serious reprobation; "go! snore off thy debauch with the hogs there! thyself the filthier brute! Go,

beast as thou art, and wake to know that the house of thy master sought thy service at need, and found thee unfitted to give it."

So saying, the angry valet turned on his heel, leaving his equally faithful, but weak fellow servant, weak ever, (alas ! poor Lukasz,) when assailed by the Braza\* pitcher, or Vodky flask, to adopt his advice, for the present, of sleeping off the effects of his excess, sure that the second part of his recommendation would also be complied with, and that Lukasz would indeed repent at leisure, once he became sensible to the full extent of his delinquency.

"Go to sleep ! was it ? yes—yes—'tis time—time ! he has kept me up too late"—the sun was even yet above the horizon—"but 'tis always Henryk's way—he will drink !—will ! as I said

---

\* Braza, a kind of beer, Polish and Russian.

to Sukador—no—'twas Sukador to me—how was it? hey? what's this hits my head?"

And Lukasz, stumbling against the walls, lay down, comfortably conscious that something wrong was in his state, though with no very clear notion of what it might be.

Fruitful in expedient, Henryk was not long dismayed by the failure of this, his sole available resource at Labronna, available now no longer, thanks to the dominant influence of corn-brandy. The son of old Moritz had a Kartzma,\* on the direct road to Warsaw, at the distance of thirty versts or so from Labronna—he would himself attend the Countess Fedora thus far, and might still return to join his master at Stefanow, in the train of the Countess Romanowska—Justin would be only too proud of the office with which

---

\* Kartzma, small Inn.

Henryk graciously purposed to honour him, of attending his lady to the capital.

"Justin is one of our own peasants," thought Henryk, "I may trust him, as I would that beast Lukasz himself, had he not drowned the little sense God gave him in the Braza pitcher."

All risk of Count Kazimir's prematurely learning the journey of his sister was precluded, as Henryk thought, by this arrangement, which in effect was a good one; and on being submitted to the ladies, it met their approval, or rather received assent, in fault of a better.

In due time, Fedora reached the capital, and proceeded with her attendant, Litta, to the house of a certain Anna Gadomska, formerly the nurse of Kazimir, now the widow of a cornfactor, and richly endowed with this world's goods, but ever the devoted servant, unless we may call her the humble friend, of the family Romanowski.

Summoned by Litta, on the instant of



Fedora's arrival, Zarifa hastened to offer affectionate greetings. She could make no addition to the tale related by Henryk; but her keen sympathy was soothing to the feelings of her early friend, and the two girls separated after long accounts given and received, intending to meet again on the following day, and each conscious to renewed and strengthened affection from the interview.

## CHAPTER IX.

“—— And afterwards, when I remembered my sympleness ; for in France was I never, and have learned mine English in the wealds of Kent, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as is in any place within this reaulme of Englande ; and thus, when all things came tofore me, I fell into despair of this book, and purposed no more to continue therein, and was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortunéd that I——”

Preface to Caxton's "Recuyell, of the Histories of Troye."

ON reaching her home, in the Uliça Franciscana, Zarifa was informed that the boy Nikolay, had been desiring earnestly to see her, and in effect, he appeared soon after her return, with an account of circumstances that caused her

quickly to retrace her steps to the present abode of Fedora in the Ulica Bielanska.

"You propose to seek the presence of the Grand Duchess in the morning, Fedora," she observed, when once more seated in her friend's apartment.

"I do—it is too late for going to the Belvedere to-day—you decided so, dear Zarifa, when you left me."

"Yes—and I think so still—but her aid may then be of no avail—hear what I have just become acquainted with."

Zarifa then described what Nikolay had reported, and which was as follows :—

A detachment of Infantry had that morning marched for Modlin, and with this the Colonel Berkoviez was to have proceeded for the Fortress of his imprisonment. That arrangement had, however, been overruled by Cheffkine, who, determined to trust the charge of the prisoner to his own people in preference, and proposing to leave Warsaw that same day

for an estate he held near the fortress-town, had decided that Voleslas should travel thither with his train, and guarded by his own orderlies.

Pursuant to this plan, Berkoviez was detained at the first Ostrog\* beyond the barrier, there to await the Baron, whose departure had been deferred till day-break of the day to follow that on which Zarifa spoke ; these things had been named to Jagel by his brother, one of the Baron's train, Nikolay standing by.

A short time after, the boy was despatched to the stables, with orders for such horses as were needful to take a portion of the attendants on the first stage from the city, and the supplying of which the fraternal care of Jagel's brother had secured to him ; thence Nikolay had hurried to give intelligence to Zarifa, whose interest in all connected with the Romanowski house he could not forget.

"Now, think well, Fedora," said her friend,

---

\* Ostrog—a road-side station for halting prisoners.

after giving the statement above. "This is matter of no light import—it is not your happiness, nor mine alone, that lies at stake ; but the happiness of one far dearer to us both—more, it is that of your mother, of the noble Count, all involved in the welfare of our Julia. What shall thy life or mine be worth if we see her pine in misery ?"

"Thou hast said it—there spoke our own Zarifa, the true sister of both our hearts—yes, to thee and me she has ever been more than ourselves, and am not I vowed to her by many a promise and tie ; but, oh tell me further what may be done," continued Fedora, with looks of eager anxiety. "I see no way out of this fearful strait. Speak ! I listen to thee, beloved—thine assured eyes tell me that hope of help is present to *thee*, though I see none."

"There is *hope*, Fedora ; but only that—yet it is not to be abandoned because but slightly cheering—hear then," and Zarifa

proceeded to describe the mode that alone seemed likely to be efficient on this occasion, as just settled between herself and her vowed liege, Nikolay. She told that the first of the Ostrogi having been burnt a week before, an old deserted building, close at hand, was used until the Ostrog should be repaired ; now, this building had once been a Kartzma,\* kept by the grandfather of Nikolay, and the boy declared that beneath the old rope-matting of the floor, was a loose plank, giving entrance to a passage that led underground to a stable in the immediate vicinity. This place, once used for smuggling and other illicit purposes, by the not too scrupulous progenitors of the young Spy, was now altogether ruined, nor ever entered, save by the unclean animals wont to appropriate such relics.

On this circumstance the hope of Zarifa was founded ; but the extreme difficulty of

---

\* Kartzma—Polish tavern of a low class.

using it to any good purpose, so startled the less enterprising Fedora, that she would even then have hastened to the Belvedere, and thrown herself at the feet of the Princess, had not Zarifa's hopeless look, as this resolution was announced, withheld her.

"Are we indeed reduced to this most hateful method?" she asked, in reply to that wordless yet eloquent dissent, "what then is he who should do justice in the land?"

"He is blinded by the arts of men who are wicked as he is wilful, Fedora; the Czarevicz holds disobedience to himself, the very darkest offence in the whole catalogue of sins—he is made to believe Voleslas guilty of this, and remonstrance will not now avail, though from her he so entirely and justly respects, the Princess his wife. Once the Colonel is beyond his reach, there will be leisure to try if truth may reach him; but *now*—no, Fedora, delay were ruin—ruin to Julia's happiness—and 'tis that we have to guard."

"I see it dearest," said Fedora, "yet one word—since opposition to his will does so irritate the Czarevich—will not the direct affront offered by thus wresting his prisoner from his grasp, indispose him to listen, even when the injustice of the Baron Cheffkine shall be made manifest?"

"Your remark is very just, my dear Fedora, but you know not how difficult, how impossible, I had nearly said it were, to make this Cheffkine's turpitude apparent. Were Voleslas at liberty, he might do it—his powerful family to aid him—but, he shut up, we know not where—they, in the farthest verge of Lithuania, your brother half denounced, and only safe while at a distance from the Duke! No, Fedora, 'twere too slow an operation, the heart of our Julia might be broken at the outset."

Fedora shuddered as the picture of her sister's suffering arose before her; she consented at once, and unconditionally, but Zarifa, who wished rather to convince her reason, that



Convinced by all she had heard, and emboldened by the example of her friend, Fedora called her energies together, and both girls betook themselves to preparation for their allotted task,—the particulars of this it were fatiguing the reader needlessly, to describe, these will develop themselves in the course of its execution.

As a needful preliminary arrangement—Zarifa proceeded again to the Ulica Franciscana, where she assumed the disguise so useful in the matter of Kazimir, and once more set forth for the Bielanska Street. On her way thither, she was accosted by a Peasant, who coming from the Volaca Rogatka,\* entreated the seeming boy, with looks of extreme perturbation, to inform him of the Pani§ Gadowska's abode.

---

\* Rogatka, turnpike or barrier,

§ Pani, mistress, madam.

"She is Anna Gądomska, Panicz,\* a Peasant of Nasz Pan,† the High-born Count Romanowski, as I am myself, at your service, well-born Sir,"—and Łukasz bowed his best to the "young gentleman" he addressed.

"The widow of the Cornfactor Cesary Gądomski?" enquired the "well-born Sir" aforesaid.

She was precisely that the Panicz said, a rich woman, and living in Warsaw, but whereabouts in that great city, Łukasz knew not. Being informed on this point, he next declared that his purpose was to see the face of the Noble Countess, Fedora Romanowska, though how he might venture into the presence of his Lady he could not tell.

Zarifa too was in the service of the Lady Fedora, she deponed—could she give him aid?

---

\* Panicz—Sir my lord, young gentlemen—used for boys only.

† Nasz Pan, our Lord.

Lukasz was the most obliged of peasants—and not long was his cause of dread a secret, but we omit the exculpatory clauses with which he made the tale a long one, and give our own words in place of the peasant-Polish he spoke.

Awaking from the sleep into which he had sunk on the departure of Henryk, the first idea of Lukasz was, that he must attend the Countess Fedora to Warsaw, but hearing that the Countess Julia had gone to Stephanow, and not conceiving the occurrence of a thing so unusual as the separation of the noble sisters, he forthwith rides thither in pursuit of the Lady Fedora—feeling that he could not too promptly offer his humblest apologies for the defection of which he had now become conscious: there then he arrived in excellent time to entreat the pardon and good offices of Count Kazimir, whom he encountered on entering the village.

“You were not ready to attend the Lady

Fedora to Warsaw?" enquired Kazimir, "but who desired you to be so? there must be some mistake—but, in any case, the Countess Fedora will doubtless forgive you."

"No—it was to Warsaw that he had been ordered to attend the Countess Fedora," Lukasz assured Nasz-Pan. Henryk was kind—he had doubtless made excuses for him; but Lukasz could not rest till his young lady had herself forgiven him; had he his master's permission to seek the Countess Fedora?

"The Countess Fedora is not here, Lukasz—she comes from Labronna with my mother; be at rest, man—I forgive thee for her."

Lukasz was very grateful; but what he knew was, that the Lady Fedora had left Labronna. A sudden light burst on his master. Fedora gone to Warsaw!—he remembered the disquietude observed in her manner by Julia; thought of his own unacknowledged embroglio in the city—had this transpired? but even so, what could Fedora do—how should his

mother permit her to visit the capital unaccompanied by her family.

Bewildered by these inexplicable circumstances, he dared not return to Julia, lest she too should discover and share his trouble ; but, remaining without, until the Countess arrived, and seeing no Fedora with her, he instantly poured forth a string of questions, that Henryk, who stood by, perceived must presently elicit the truth, or something very near it.

Leading his mother to the apartment prepared for her, the Count disappeared, and then it was that the storm fell on Lukasz, "beast, and brute, and dolt, and drunkard," with many another gentle appellation, came fast and furious from the lips of Henryk ; horrible consequences of his misdeed, dark as Henryk could imagine them, were placed before the frightened man, until Lukasz believed himself to be, what his fellow-servant called him, the pre-doomed destroyer of his master's house.

His despair might have led to some fatal

result, had not Olga, the attendant of the Countess Julia, come to his aid ; she counselled his hastening to the Lady Fedora herself, as to the never-failing refuge of the distressed.

“ For,” declared Olga, “ my own lady must not be told of all this trouble, and next to her, who is like the Countess Fedora for goodness ? —if it be not indeed the Panienka Zarifa, and *she* will help you amain, if you can but find her. Hurry to Warsaw, Lukasz—all the fear is, lest the Count should fly to throw himself into the very jaws of the lion, at the Belvedere: to Warsaw he will surely go—nothing can now prevent it ; but if any one can save him when there, it is the Lady Fedora—give her notice of our master’s purpose ; if, being thus warned, she should be able to dissuade him from the rash step so much dreaded, you will have done good service, and the family will not suffer by your fault.”

Taking the prudent advice of Olga, hither

then had Lukasz come to see the face of the lady ; but his master must, as he declared, be close behind, having determined, when Lukasz left Stefanow, to throw himself into the public carriage passing that village, as being thus more certain of quickly reaching Warsaw than by trusting to the Post Houses, never to be depended on in Poland, unless the Podoroyna or posting order, the traveller bears with him, be one of especial authority.

The hour when this carriage would reach the barrier was easy to be ascertained ; Lukasz had gained a start of some hours by favour of a government courier, whom he had more than once entertained in the Labronna stables, and who had proved an excellent friend at need. Gladly did the peasant now accept Zarifa's offer of smoothing the way to his lady's presence, and Fedora was soon made acquainted with the new event.

Zarifa had felt some uneasiness lest this heavy addition to their trouble might unnerve

Fedora totally ; but she had miscalculated the strength of her friend ; with so much at stake, the young Countess was equal to every effort, and, after some time passed in counsel, the two quick-witted maidens believed themselves prepared to meet this new demand, and even felt strong hope that they should extricate the objects of their anxiety from the difficulties into which the one had fallen, and the other was so eagerly rushing.

But to do this, new arrangements were required, and these they proceeded to make with all speed. Nicolay pledged himself to their service, heart and hand, while Lukasz professed to comprehend entirely that part of the business entrusted to him, mentally vowing to eschew the witches Vodky and Braga—nay, not even the dainty spirit Malinieć\* herself should lure him once to raise the cup of libation to his lips ; Lukasz would regain the

---

\* Malinieć—mead, flavoured with raspberries.



esteem of his respected fellow-servant, or else the very *Nia*\* was in it.

All being settled, each made ready for his work. Anna Gadomska engaging to find, among the Raftmen of the Vistula, certain rowers, to be ready with their boat, at a spot appointed by the fair conspirators for the embarkation of the young men, whose free agency was menaced from so many quarters ; and who, if liberated, the one from his perils, the other from the snare of his own projects, were, on no account, to be given up to their own devices ; but, were at once to be deported and carried far thence, till they should again be placed in the safe keeping of the Countess Romanowska, and that gentlest of gaolers, the Countess Julia.

---

\* If the lady-reader will not faint—*Nia* is the Polish  
"Deuce."

## CHAPTER X.

He said, 'oh, Slave, I have bought thee with money !'

'That is thine affair,' said the Slave.

'Wilt thou run away ?'

'Ah ! that affair is mine.

EASTERN PROVERB.

TORMENTING himself by thoughts of what would be his Julia's terror, when his arrest became known to her, and painfully conscious that the grave charge of conspiracy might justify her fears, Berkoviez lay on the floor of the Kartzma, serving as a substitute for the burnt Ostrog. The broken casement had been hastily secured by strong iron bars, it was night, and many stars were twinkling through

its cracked panes; on these the melancholy gaze of Voleslas was fixed, but they were hidden to his view, from time to time, by the sentinel who paced before the window; a second guard was heard to trample the hard ground before the equally well-secured door, and if a thought of attempting escape occurred to the prisoner, the evident hopelessness of success must have quickly subdued it.

Had Voleslas himself been the only person concerned, the issue of a struggle with his guards had been tried, even before arriving thus far—the worst that could follow, namely death from their muskets, were infinitely preferable, as he thought, to the slow corroding misery of such confinement, as some were said to have suffered for lighter cause than that now assigned against him. But another, a dearer than himself was to be considered—to her this final result would be but the commencement of such despair as he feared to think of; this remembered, he restrained his

impatience, and resolved to await as he best might what was to follow.

The night wore on, guard was relieved, the new sentinel peered into the room for a moment, and, with difficulty making out the dark object lying on the floor, betook himself to the walk just abandoned by his comrade.

Suddenly, Voleslas fancied a noise beneath him ; he listened—a bolt creaked—and starting up, he was about to raise a mat on which he had lain, and examine the cause of these movements ; a moment's thought changed his purpose, and he again threw himself at length. He was now sensible to a movement beneath the arm on which he rested, and partially rising, felt that a part of the floor was detached and being pushed up from beneath ; it was, in fact, prevented from ascending only by the matting which his weight kept down.

Presently a whispering voice came up from below.

“ Please you suffer the trap-door to be raised,

my lord. I am Lukasz, well-born Excellency. Lukasz, peasant of the noble Count Romanowski; the path is now open, high-born sir; but daylight will be here, and spoil all—if it please you not to be very hasty.”

Placing himself in such a position as to screen the rising door from the possible observation of the sentinel, Voleslas soon gave it freedom from the pressure that had hitherto kept it down; it rose creaking on its hinges, but fearful of the soldier's passing, Voleslas stopped its ascent, the noise of which might have quickly ruined all: marvelling that so clumsy a contrivance should be overlooked in the choice of a place used to substitute a prison, for however short a time, Voleslas stood supporting the heavy trap, till the tramp of the men told that they were at some distance; then, cautiously increasing the width of the fissure, until it admitted his person, he groped his way into a kind of hole beneath the rough planks of the floor—here he found his progress

arrested by a solid body, the personal identity of Lukasz, as a tongue belonging to the same declared.

Suffering the trap to fall gently and cautiously, Voleslas now stood beside the person who had summoned him to his present position, and who, carefully unmasking a light, displayed a broken flight of steps, some few of which he prayed the Noble to descend that the further operations requisite might not be impeded by his somewhat inconvenient bulk, which, however majestic on his war-horse, however welcome in the bower of his Julia, was but an awkward piece of furniture in the straitened apartment now occupied by Lukasz.

This complied with, the peasant again partially raised the trap, and on the place Berkovycz had just vacated in the Ostrog, Lukasz deposited a certain dress, well filled with straw, and promoted for the present to be the representative of that august noble's self; he next required the cloak of the Colonel, and disposed it, as he best might, over the effigy.

The bolts of the trap were then fastened as quietly as possible, light was again exhibited, a flight of steep and broken steps were descended, a kind of cellar traversed, and finally, a narrow and half choked passage, which, after some time, brought them to the ruined stable before mentioned.

Not pausing here, Voleslas and his attendant proceeded at once in the direction of the Vistula, and having gained the banks, they were received by the dependents of Anna Gadomska, who ferried them, without loss of time, to the island of Saxon boars, where it had been decided that the Colonel should remain, concealed in the house of a Raftsman, until joined by Romanowski. This done the boat at once proceeded to that part of the river which laves the forest of Bielany, the intended captors of Kazimir having made arrangements for his embarkation at that point.

## CHAPTER XI.

The shepherd 'neath the Linden tree  
Tuned his pipe most joyfully.  
The Monarch lost all patience now,  
What—dost thou sit there like a rock,  
And wolves are ravaging thy flock?  
A very pretty Shepherd thou.

DIMITRIEV —BOWRING.

So far the business of the night was happily accomplished. Lukasz had nobly done his part; let us see how Zarifa performed the portion of labour allotted to her.

She had gone openly, as night fell, to the stables of Jagel, and now, confident in her disguise, had demanded a drosky, of which



Nikolay took care to be constituted driver : having driven the Panicz a fair distance in the direction named to Jagel, as that for which the drosky was desired, lest observation should be made, the boy deposited Zarifa at the house of Anna Gadomska, who, on her part, had also a carriage in attendance, for her own share of the work in hand. Next, Nikolay—well directed by the ladies, proceeded to the Rogatka, by which the public carriage, bearing Kazimir to Warsaw, must enter the city. The expected vehicle did not delay its approach, and was inspected at the barrier with the usual formalities.

On hearing the name of Romanowski, a consultation was seen to take place between the Inspector and the Invalid, whose duty it was to enter the city with the diligence—his corps being, “for service,” at the barriers. This was not lost on Kazimir, and desirous that Voleslas might have the full benefit of his voluntary surrender, he approached the in-

specting officer, and demanded an attendant to the Belvedere, clearly perceiving that a short delay would leave him no volition in the matter. At the same moment the ready Nikolay gave his brother official a pass-word, significant among the honourable fraternity of Spies, of which he boasted himself a member, and was instantly pointed out, as "a proper person to conduct his Excellency whither it was his pleasure to go."

Every thing was managed most agreeably, the polite Inspector waited on his "well-born lordship," to the ready drosky, with many a low respectful bow, nothing doubting that he complimented the much honoured Noble to a prison, for, strange to say, a rumour of whom the vehicle was bringing, had reached the ever open ears of the Belvedere, and, lest repentance should seize the traveller by the way, orders had already reached the Barriers for his safe conduct to the Palace.

Driving rapidly through the intervening

streets, Nikolay performed his official duty so far as to convey his charge to the Cracovian Suburb, lest a brother Spy should by chance be watching his movements. His master, the Secret Police, being thus far obeyed—conscience reminded him of a promise to his mistress, and, turning to the left, through the great square of Sigismund, instead of keeping to the right through the Nowy Swiat, or New World—that small manœuvre effected a great change; it took him towards the Street of St. John, through which, and the Ulica Freta, he proceeded at a rapid pace, gave the pass-word of his respectable order at the Barrier, and at some expense of horseflesh, at length drew his rein in the Forest of Bielany. Here Nikolay was quickly aware of a carriage, which he believed to contain the Pani Gadomska and his mistress, travestied for the time into something that a stranger would have more readily denominated his master. Nikolay did not, however, desire to form an acquaintance with the

driver of that carriage—our friend chose to be select, and kept at distance, but the seeming boy perceiving his approach, left the lady, his companion, to proceed on her way alone, and, entering the wood, walked on for a few moments until the drosky of Anna had got fairly out of view, when he turned and made for Nikolay, his heart quivering, however, be it said, in a fashion that did but little credit to his coat.

“His Excellency is within Panienka,” said Nikolay, hastily, “but please you dismiss me, for I must back to report myself to Jagel, he must be ready to declare that his drosky has not been near the Labronna Barrier this night, and the sooner I am at hand to confirm his word, the safer for all. I defy the Inspector to identify me, the good red beard I wore, has mystified him to perfection.”

So saying, Nikolay unclosed the door, and Kazimir quickly springing forth, the boy darted to his place and was gone, before

the Count had well made out that it was not at the Palace of the Belvedere he stood.

"How is this?" he asked, looking round for a moment, with a doubtful air; "the Forest of Bielany! and thou! who art thou? that I find thee here, as it seems, awaiting me."

Zarifa hid her perturbation as she best might, and presented, with all due respect, a letter from the Countess Fedora, uncovering, at the same time, a light hitherto well masked, and turning its rays on the letter she presented.

"A messenger from my sister, art thou? and thy voice is not unknown to me. I remember—thou art the same kind boy who warned me of arrest some time since—'twere better I had remained to brave it—but thy good intent is not the less thought of; let us see what thy lady says to account for this strange thing."

So saying, Kazimir opened the letter. Zarifa shading the light on all sides from

chance of being perceived by other eyes than their own, and suffering only such rays to escape as falling directly on the letter, served to render its purport visible.

“My sister entreats me to wait her, until the morning,” observed the Count, “in a certain part of the forest well known to me—a favorite haunt of my boyish days, and now at no great distance. She assures me of thy fidelity, boy, of which I am already confident—do not doubt it; but she says it is thou who wilt give me good reasons for compliance with her request; and truly they had need be good—else, much as I love and trust my sister, it is not to her that I dare confide the safety of my friend, endangered as it is by every moment of my absence; say then, child, what good cause is there, why I proceed not even now to the Belvedere? Something in this letter of thy lady would seem to say that Colonel Berkovicz has been liberated, and is in safety—what hast thou to tell?”

Zarifa, proceeding towards the place of refuge pointed out by Fedora, described to the Count all the arrangements made for extricating Voleslas from the common enemy Cheffkine—and this with so much force, though very briefly, that Kazimir could not fail to perceive the intelligence of his mother's ward, as well as the zeal with which the youth was devoted to the family.

"Thou art leading me prisoner, I perceive, boy," he observed, as Zarifa kept ever on through the forest, nor paused for the Noble's assent. "I will not refuse to wait during the few hours my sister names ; but if intelligence of my friend's safety come not with the morning light, it is not thou who wilt hold me fast, as I see well thy lady has given thee in charge to do. No ! in the morning my appeal to the Czarevicz, shall be made, despite thy redoubtable guardianship."

Speaking thus, but in tones of much kindness, the Count now made his way down the

steep defile in the deepest part of which was the place described by Fedora.

He left Zarifa to follow as she best might—a task of no easy accomplishment to her unaccustomed limbs.

Forcing their way through brushwood and tangled growth of all kinds, they left the forest ground far above them; and, after a toilsome descent, reached their destined resting-place. It was a somewhat spacious cavern, hidden from the view of whomever might pass through the wood above, by the overhanging bank; and, here throwing himself on the stony floor, Kazimir silently awaited his sister's pleasure.

Zarifa, seated on a fragment of rock without the cavern's mouth, now gazed on the few stars perceptible in the narrow belt of sky, which alone was presented to her view, now listened for the approach of Fedora, although sure that several hours must needs elapse before the escape of Berkoviez could take place, and con-



sequently before the young Countess could announce to her brother that all necessity for his unsummoned presence at the dreaded Palace of the Belvedere had ceased.

Many and various were the thoughts that visited Zarifa, seated there by the small rivulet, that crept along within a yard of the cavern's mouth; but over all was a feeling of intense happiness in the thought that one at least of those endangered, was safe in her keeping, with a bright hope that the second was also in security.

Considerations of her own future lot did not trouble her self-complacency; had she been less youthful, less untaught by the world, she would have known it to be impossible that her days could pass, as she now believed they would do, in one long contemplation of perfections, that, really existing but in her own ideas, were yet embodied in a form, which had of late been seldom absent from her thoughts. Nothing of this was yet present to her—the very young,

seldom look far into futurity—Zarifa not at all—the present absorbed her—sensible of no error, her day-dreams were disturbed by no warning from the voice of conscience—and her future ! it was that hour when, freed from such duties as her father's interest imposed, she might retire to the reveries that were now, half unconsciously to herself, making the solitude of her chamber, a peopled paradise ; or at the most, it but extended to the day when she might next hope to meet her early friends.

Kazimir too, much did he cogitate, as he lay on his rocky couch—much and variously of his fortunes, his country—both in deep adversity—forgetful altogether of the boy who sat without ; and, at length, forgetful of all beside, when, lulled by the rippling of the neighbouring streamlet, he slept soundly on a resting place which his soldier habits had made not unfamiliar to him.

Grey dawn came stealing up the Eastern

heaven, and Zarifa, too, was sleeping, or in deep reverie, when the fall of a pebble into the streamlet before her, caused her to start from her half recumbent position. Had Fedora come, as, once assured by her own eyes of her intended brother's safety, she was to do? doubtless, yes—but then why that signal? a second pebble fell near the first—then it was a signal—was Zarifa herself seen from the heights, and thus summoned? stepping to the edge of the brook, she looked anxiously up and around; but the light was as yet too faint to shew whether any one were near her or not, consequently she herself could not have been seen—and the fall of the pebbles could have no reference to her; but then who was this that had become their neighbour? Fear took place of her late strong hope—had the enterprise failed? If so, how might such misfortune be concealed from the sleeper within? Oh, why did not Fedora come? what, if she went herself to-

wards the edge of the glen to make observation? yes, that would be well; and betaking herself to ascend the ravine, having first laid aside her mantle, Zarifa quickly made her way to the edge of the Forest.

Arrived there, the terrified girl beheld a spectacle that, for the moment, froze her veins; lying on the greensward immediately over the mouth of the cave, were two soldiers of the very regiment in guard of which Berkovicz had left Warsaw, as their uniform declared, men perhaps of the very company selected to remain at the Ostrog with Voleslas, till the Baron himself should arrive; these then had caused the pebbles, that had aroused her, to fall; but to what end had they come? could it be that Romanowski's presence was known? and were these men despatched to secure him? but if so, why not descend? They perhaps awaited a fairer light; yet the dawn was rapidly brightening, and to men of their

habits, might be supposed even now to offer light enough.

Zarifa was entirely perplexed with all these conjectures, that fast came crowding round her, once the first cold pang of terror had passed off, and left her at liberty to consider what next was needful in this emergency: descending for several paces, and then creeping cautiously along the face of the cliff, she contrived, after an anxious interval, to place herself on a narrow ledge, immediately under the position of the soldiers, the foot of one hanging over the precipice a short distance above her head, and even now detaching morsels of the soil which fell at her feet where she stood.

For some moments the conversation of these men was nearly inaudible to their listener; at length a sort of altercation ensued and the louder tones came distinctly to her ear.

“St. Dimitry! no—I wont stir a foot to seek him,” said one rough voice, “if he got

out by help of the Demovoi,\* could he not take himself far enough by the same !”

“He could—but that won’t save thy back from the Batogs.†”

Nor thee from a trip to the Caucasus, Sergie ! if thou be found here resting thy bones, when sent to track the runaway.”

“No—nor thee from going to those same blessed regions for company—seeing that thou keepest me company here. Are not thy own long limbs stretched out—are all these four legs mine?”

“St. Nikolay ! no—I own two of them, but Sergie.—”

“But Jan ! and thou shalt own share too of the dainty fare called stickmeat, brother—no fear of famine for thee, if *such* be going !”

“Ye Bogh‡ little shall serve me, if I have

---

\* Demovoi, the Russian Brownie.

† Batogs, whip or stick.

‡ Ye Bogh, “by the Lord.

luck; some of our comrades say that Gortz and Leon were drunk, I would gladly see a Kroushki of Quass\* or Braga just now—hey Sergie? or a glass of Vodka?"†

"'Tis a mild summer morn, but neither Quass nor Vodka were unwelcome, as thou sayest Ivan; Gortz and Leon were not drunk however, my notion is, that—"

"The Demovoi had changed the Noble to that man of straw they found in his place, hey Sergie?"

"No, Vanky Mujick,§ I am not the superstitious blockhead to think so; but I'll tell thee what Ivan," and Sergie dropped his acrimonious tone, for one of much solemnity. "Gortz and Leon deserve what they can hardly miss, for this prank of letting a prisoner escape

---

\* Quass, common Russian drink.

† Vodka, Russian for corn brandy the Polish Vodka

§ Vanky Mujick, clownish Jack. Russians hold, with the Orientals, that an interruption in discourse, is an affront.

in their watch ; not that to sleep a wink is any such crime, we may all fall into it—but did not they help that heretic Bernhard, to eat up a great dish of the devil's pears, and that on the blessed fête of the summer St. Nikolay ! Holy~Mother, what good had they to look for after that ?”

“The devil's pear, Sergie, what's it like ? I'd have helped Bernhard myself at that work, if the fruit were sweet, and to my liking ; does it grow hereabout ?” and the pendent foot was drawn in as if its owner meant even then to spring up, and run in search of the feast just denounced by his comrade.

“Thou art little better than a heretic thyself,” replied Sergie, “but I hold as my fathers did before me, and eat no potatoes, remembering how they first sprang, up and for what purpose.”

“But I know nothing of either,” said Ivan, “tell us comrade, why should the devil only have claim to so good a dish ?”



“Aye, there it is, ‘so good a dish!’ but I’ll tell thee their history, then see if they wont need better sauce than common, to make even thee swallow them, greedy swine as thou art.”

Thereupon, the man who was not a “superstitious blockhead,” set forth the veritable facts detailed below.

“The devil went whining to our Lady of Kasan, one sunny day, and declared himself a wretched father, a most unlucky head of a house. “What ailed him?” He had a feast to give, ’twas the coming of age of his youngest son, yet no fruit had he in his dominions, to set before his friends for dessert.

“She was a pitying lady, the virgin of Kasan, and showing complainant a particular spot of ground, she bade him dig there for what he wanted, and behold he found potatoes; overjoyed with his prize, the demon quickly filled his dun-coloured nutting bag, but, wishing to have more than that receptacle would hold, he

begged the virgin to mount guard, while he carried his precious burthen home, lest the Sons of Man should come and deprive him of his treasure; affronted by that bold request, the lady lent him a box on the ear, which toppled him over, while his newly gathered fruit all rolled into a lake at hand, where they hissed, 'tis said, like red-hot iron, from the heat they had got in the nutting bag; making the lake bubble up all over, and boil like a Stchi\* kettle.

“Seeing this, and the rueful visage of the fiend, as he beheld his loss, our gentle lady, her anger exhaled in the blow she had given, assured him that Man should never eat of those same earth-apples, but that evermore they were his alone. This my father taught me, as his father taught him, and if thine neglected to do as much for thee—see, I have repaired his fault, and thy misfortune; henceforth 'tis at

---

\* Stchi, soup of cabbage, &c.

thy own peril, if thou eat of those Devil's pears, called potatoes."

The acknowledgments of Jan were doubtless such as befitted the benefit received, but the attention of Zarifa was diverted by a slight rustle near her, and looking round, she perceived Kazimir at her side.

He, too, had heard the conversation of the soldiers; aroused by the continuous fall of fragments from the cliff above, he had discovered his attendant ascending the cliff at some distance from the cavern, when, doubting not that the shower of pebbles had caused his absence, he also desired to know what the same might portend, and following rapidly, was on the ledge beneath where the soldiers were reposing almost as soon as Zarifa. But the latter, absorbed in attention to the conference held above, did not perceive him, until the moment we have noted—when her terror at the sight became manifest in the now increasing light.

"All is lost if these men see you, my lord,"

she said, in the lowest of whispers, "the Colonel Berkovicz is safe from their hands, but to what purpose, for the ladies of your house, if they take yourself in his stead."

Kazimir perceived the force of the remark ; it was besides one thing to present himself to the Czarevicz, as he had meditated—quite another to be taken as it were in hiding—this last he had no mind to be. He, too, had heard the safety of Voleslas alluded to, and now assured the kind boy at his side that nothing should be done to render his zealous efforts useless.

"We'll return even now, little friend," he said "to thy favorite nook below there ; but don't look so dismal, or I shall think thy affection for thy ladies is making thee, only half a man."

But it was now too late to return by the path which had brought them thither, the gloom, previously concealing it from the recumbent soldiers, was fast clearing away, and

before they could have traversed it, they must have been perceived by those above; even where they stood, their security hung on a thread, for if it occurred to the men to rise and look into the ravine before them, their present stand must be discovered, and that this was no unlikely occurrence, the next words, uttered in the Forest above them made obvious.

“Come Sergie,” said Jan, the brisker as it seemed of the two, “we have had a good rest, let us beat about these bushes a little, and then return to report the well-born Noble not in this neighbourhood.”

“Beat about thou,” returned Sergie, “neither Gortz nor Leon is friend of mine, and I care not to seek the game that has slipped through their fingers so quietly. Thou art younger than I, and canst look for us both, I’ll lie a little longer, Jan.”

“Lie away then, thou lazy hound,” was the courteous retort, but the rattle of Jan’s

accoutrements declared that he, at least, had sprung from the ground, a few more paces and he might be in full command of their position.

During this last dialogue, however, Kazimir had not been idle ; the impracticability of his late path being obvious, he had looked well around for another, but no—he could discover none ; behind them, as they stood close pressed to the face of the cliff, were the sentinels—on their left, the precipice sunk down several fathoms perpendicularly—to the right was the now lightsome, and by consequence impassable road by which they had ascended—not indeed perceptible as a path, to persons unaware of its existence, but lying so that any one taking it, must be full in view of the cliff above ; it was therefore no road for them.

“ We have put ourselves on this shelf, that the fellows may take us off at their convenience,” thought the Count, half tempted to smile, as a keen perception of the ridiculous, that he was blest withal, shewed him a

something bordering on the absurd, in the trap, into which he had just taken so much pains to scramble. "I have risen early to some purpose this time," said he to himself; the late exhibition of Kuruta, at his last rising by daybreak, occurring to him. But these light thoughts were checked by one glance at the trembling boy beside him: a part of his companion's fear he remembered might proceed from dread of being detected in an attempt to baffle the Grand Duke's powerful favourite; he by no means underrated the boy's evident zeal for his (Kazimir's) safety, or rather his anxiety for his ladies—but fear of consequences to the youth, before unthought of, made him doubly anxious, and he now resolved to regain the cave by the only means presenting itself, namely, that of descent by the cliff in front, and which exactly overhung its mouth.

To the depth of some yards below the narrow ledge, on which they barely found a footing, the cliff sunk sheer down to a green platform

of turf, whence the descent was comparatively easy; but how to gain that terrace was the question, an ash sapling was rooted at the right hand of Kazimir's position; he might throw his strong military sash around the trunk, and thus supported, might venture to drop himself from the cliff, his attendant following the example: one difficulty was here, the tree would bend with his weight, he depended on its doing so for the easier descent—but should the recoil attract the attention of those above, they might hurt the boy, before Kazimir could be up amongst them, to tear him from their grasp. Perhaps he could induce his companion to descend first, and he turned towards him to propose it, but just then it was that the ringing of Jan's trappings was heard, and the late active boy stood paralyzed: for a moment Kazimir regarded the quivering and colourless lip, the totally blanched cheek, and slight relaxed limbs of the youth beside him, with a feeling of astonishment that made him



half forget his dangerous position, so inalienable is the inheritance of bravery to a Pole, that its absence becomes a phenomenon wholly inexplicable, and here was the very extremity of fear fully confessed.

With some diminution of his interest in the boy, Kazimir hastily made fast the broad elastic silk to the Ash tree, secured the further end to his sword belt, which he carefully tightened, then looked for an instant below to see how far the sash might reach towards the proposed landing place.

He saw with much satisfaction, that his own not inconsiderable length would, when added to the sash, make out nearly the proper tether ; this ascertained, he wound one arm firmly around his slender companion, who, as he now saw, was in no condition to be consulted, and held him sheer over the precipice, his strong strength but lightly taxed by the charge—all ready, he hesitated for one moment before confiding his own ponderous weight to the un-

tried aid of his scarf, but finally, holding with the firmest grasp he could command, he committed himself to the elastic silk, and felt it glide swiftly and hotly through his powerful fingers, but still giving most faithful support, until, dropping from it, he landed on the spot desired.

Laying his now senseless companion on the turf, he next disengaged the sash from the tree, by means of a fishing-line, that, fresh from his sylvan home as he was, had happened to be in his pocket, and which he had fastened, for that purpose, to the slip knot that made the scarf fast—this done, he proceeded to lift the lifeless form before him, but with an emotion how different from the rather contemptuous feeling, with which, a few moments before, he had gathered it into his grasp.

That instant, during which, all preparation made, he had hesitated on the cliff, had sufficed to convince him that the flexible and delicate form he held was no boy ; reverently therefore

did he now lift that slight creature from the turf on which he had softly placed her, reverently, as draws near the holiest of Priests to the most sacred object of worship.

With little difficulty he now descended to the cavern, at whose entrance he had suffered that gentle girl to pass the night ; and much did he reproach himself for this unwitting error, as he bore her tenderly along. He laid her on the ill-suited resting place, that was all he had to give, and stood with deep interest to await her recovery, choosing rather to see this happen slowly and by degrees, than to use remedies that might alarm her for her secret, which he at once resolved to let her believe still undiscovered.

And this then was the boasted friend of his sisters. Instantly did he perceive the truth ; only herself could be capable of all that came thronging to his memory : this was Zarifa ; the gentle, the beautiful, the excellent, the noble-minded—this was she on whom he had

heard Julia expend every epithet of praise, and declare all wholly insufficient to do justice to the perfect creature God had given her friend to be ! There she lay—the very perfection of feminine loveliness, and he had been treating that sweetest girl with a rough carelessness, for which, at the first moment, he thought he could never forgive himself ; recollection told him, however, how involuntary was his fault ; he had sinned against her, but in ignorance—more—his present feelings told him that he could never knowingly treat with aught short of worship, the gentle and beautiful creature, he knew and saw her to be : why had not this before occurred to him ? Then he might have escaped the wrongs of which he accused himself towards her, but again, how could it do so ?

Hence the remarkable intelligence, the unstudied, yet forceful and elegant expression and manner, which had surprised him so much in his young attendant—hence the gentle and fairy-like character of the boy's ministrations.

But what a dolt was he ! he had seen the devoted affection of one friend to another, and thought it the zealous service of a hireling, or at best but the gratitude of one who had received charity ! He had seen the delicate nature of woman taxed beyond its powers, and called the shrinking of overburthened strength, a base cowardice ! Oh, if he had ever thought the affection of his sisters for their unknown friend, an extravagance—how devoutly did he now renounce the error—they had complained to him of their mother, when she had deprived them of their companion, and he had thought her harsh, but he now felt that she was right.

His eyes rested on the perfect features before him—a Jewess ! No ! she could never be of that race ; and his sisters were right, who declared that she was not—or if she were indeed a daughter of Israel—for a moment he caught himself wishing that he too were of the Tribes ; then, starting from the unworthy thought, he remembered that he was a Polish Noble, and

again acknowledged that since his mother could not bestow on him that inestimable girl, she did well to withhold her from his sight.

It may be that some suspicion of his own personal influence might have disturbed that admiration which Kazimir now felt for Zarifa's devotion to her friends; but he believed himself to be totally unknown to her, and thus perforce attributed all she had done to affection for his sisters.

Thought crowded on thought, as Zarifa still lay lifeless, he not daring to attempt succour; but there rose a feeling above them all, as he gazed on the form before him. It was, that, Jewess or not, she could never again be to him as the mere friend of his sisters—a friend, gifted and good, and deservedly lamented by them—so had he always believed her, though strangely chosen, their relative positions considered, no—she must be something more henceforward—he felt it as he knelt beside

her, gazing on the colourless lips and cheek, the closed eyes, and perfect, though lifeless proportions of the graceful form.

At length, her long insensibility alarmed him, and he hastened to the stream, resolving to use it for recalling her to life, but when he returned, with hands filled and handkerchief saturated in the brook, he perceived her stir, and true to the determination he had formed, he drew aside, by great effort mastering his desire to give aid, and restraining his feelings, he gave to his manner its former carelessness of address.

"Thou art stunned boy," he said, gaily ; when Zarifa's eyes unclosed, and she looked around with a terrified air.

"Thou art stunned ! but 'twas only a tumble ! we had never got off but by taking that leap ; thou and the rocks must have another battle yet, before we get out of this hole ! here ! wash thy white face with this,"

and he threw the wetted kerchief towards her, walking forth from the cavern with as careless an air as he could assume.

Kazimir was instantly rewarded for the exertion it cost him to do all this, by the relieved look that broke forth on poor Zarifa's face at the first words of his rough speech. He had judged her rightly—the first thought of her returning consciousness was, that she had frightfully betrayed herself. Relieved from fear of this, she was soon sensible to refreshment, from the brook to which she had made her way, on Kazimir's departure, and felt able to look about her with confidence, as she saw him walking at some distance, the rather because he kept carefully within the shadow of the over-hanging rocks, so that none could perceive him from the only approachable side of the ravine. How would it have startled her, had any one affirmed—that respect for her wishes had already made him cautious!

Berkovicz was safe! the recollection



came to Zarifa in a rush of gladness, for she had reasons known to herself only, for feeling sure, that much might be done with the Czarevich, when the truth of a matter was once laid before him. This she hoped would soon be done in the case of Berkovitch, when Julia's happiness would be secured: but it was now daylight, and where was Fedora? why had she failed in her promise to join her brother and friend with intelligence of Volessias, and to release herself from her charge? Zarifa could find no satisfactory reply to this question, but she determined to conceal that circumstance from the Count, and wrapping her cloak around her, she awaited his return with the demeanour proper to her assumed station: this was not long delayed, and the boy respectfully begged permission to guide his Excellency to the spot where Lukasz waited.

Never had his Excellency been less disposed to refuse a petition; his attendant represented, that the Lady Fedora had doubtless changed

her purpose of seeking the cave, for some good reason that she would explain at her pleasure ; and very amiably did Kazimir assent to the supposition, because, pre-occupied by his new feelings, he failed to perceive its improbability, which else would have struck him, as it did her, who saw herself reduced to make it.

An hour since, his thoughts would have been instantly full of the danger, possible and impossible, incurred by Fedora, though to what extent she had personally acted in the liberation of Voleslas, was not made known to him ; but now, he received without question whatever his young attendant was pleased to suggest.

When certain that the soldiers had left their resting place, they departed from the cave accordingly, took a retired path, little known, and less frequented, gained the Vistula at the point assigned, just as the sun was rising, and found, as Zarifa had anticipated, the faithful Lukasz in attendance.

That the destination of the Count was the Island of Saxon Boors, had already been made known to him, and he had become so suddenly passive in the hands of his guide, that Zarifa might have remarked the change with surprise, had not all her thoughts been now very painfully occupied by fears for his sister; quietly did the Count take his place in the boat, merely looking round to see that the boy followed safely, but checking the impulse that bade to hand him in; he then perceived that his young attendant was taking a lowly leave from the bank, and waited only to receive such commands as he might have for the Countess Fedora. Springing again to land, Kazimir was on the point of declaring that he would suffer no separation; happily he remembered his position in time to save himself from announcing so startling a resolve, and received the boy's excuses, for not attending his Excellency further, with the best grace he could.

"Thou must report to thy lady thou sayest?"

that is not amiss, and thou mayest tell her that I say she has a good servant in thee ; but say beside, that I will not peaceably remain in yonder swine's nest, though I will carefully avoid all danger. I will appeal to the Emperor if need be, but it may be well to keep out of his brother's way, or rather out of the way of his brother's favourite, for the present ; that is the real enemy," he continued to himself, as he re-entered the boat, " but he may be met hereafter, where we may wrestle more fairly for the mastery."

## CHAPTER XII.

Come gather round my dwelling tears and sighs,  
Eloquent woes, and loud voiced miseries !  
All tones of anguish, sorrow and regret,  
Heart-wringing grief, and pangs the cheek that wet ;  
Yes ! gather round my dwelling all, and join  
Your plaint, your passion, with these plaints of mine !

*From the Polish of Lochanowski.*

*Translated by Dr. Bowring.*

WITH many an anxious thought of the Countess Fedora, Zarifa took her way to the house of Anna Gadomska, hoping to find that her friend, overcome by the fatigue of her unusual exertions, had retired thither ; yet painfully conscious that such hope had little foundation

in her previous knowledge of Fedora's character.

On reaching the Ulica Bielanska, her worst fears were confirmed, nay, the tale she received from the half frantic Litta, was more portentous than even these fears had anticipated: it ran thus—Litta had attended her lady, as the Panienska Zarifa knew, to the ruined stable, where all was found as described by Nikolay, whose business at the barrier did not permit him to go thither in person.

The passage behind the old manger was penetrated, Lukasz succeeded in finding the bolts of the trap, and the noble Voleslas was liberated; the Lady Countess, fearful of any delay, would not suffer the Colonel to be made aware of her presence; but, remaining concealed, had seen him pass through the stable, attended by Lukasz; she had then desired Litta to await her, and had followed their steps, doubtless purposing to witness,

unseen, the embarkation of the Noble, and so assure herself of his safety.

Her lady gone, Litta had crept within the concealed passage, where she feared sleep had overtaken her; she had either heard, or dreamed she heard, a cry of distress, which, as she supposed, had awakened her; but, on cautiously making her way out, not a person or thing could be seen.

It was now broad daylight, and certain that the Countess must have returned from the river, Litta supposed that she had sought her wretched self in the stable; but not finding her, had proceeded to their present abode in the Ulica Bielanska; dreading the displeasure of her kind mistress, Litta had then proceeded homewards; but now—oh, she would be happy to hear the very bitterest reproaches her lady could utter, even though they were never to cease.

The Panienka Zarifa was too good to say

that her sleeping, instead of watching, had not caused *all* the mischief; but that cry!—no, 'twas not a fancy—her lady had called her, and she, who had been honoured by the first commands the Countess Fedora had lisped—*she*, her own vowed servant\*—oh, how fatally she had missed her duty.

There was no consoling Litta, and Zarifa, giving up the attempt, turned, in almost hopeless dismay, to consider this new misfortune. It was useless to consult Anna Gadomska—she was utterly bewildered by an event so astounding.

None could aid Zarifa but herself; and, having changed her dress, she retired to her

---

\* Her own vowed servant—in Polish families of rank, it is customary to bring up with each child of the noble that of a peasant, (usually somewhat older than the future lord or lady) as a personal attendant. The children so chosen almost always become most attached and faithful servants.



lonely home, there to consider what might be done in this terrible strait, for now she was indeed at fault.

Many thoughts occurred to her, but none brought hope; sometimes she would send at once to the Countess Romanowska, but that was a work of time; then she would summon Kazimir; but it was terrible to think of his leaving the safe retreat into which he had gone so reluctantly—no—every method must be tried before that.

At length it occurred to her that Fedora might have found it needful to conceal herself; but, in the course of the day might appear at Gadomska's.

The cry mentioned by Litta might indeed have been a dream; then, as the too great probability of its being real presented itself to her thoughts, a pang of terror seized Zarifa, not unmixed with remorse, for that she did not at once summon the brother of Fedora to her aid. Yet what could he do?—what

did he know of Fedora's present state more than herself?—nothing surely; and he could do nothing except throw himself into danger, and this it was due to his mother and Julia that she should prevent—so did she quiet her conscience. Early evening saw her again at Anna Gadomska's; but no Fedora had yet appeared, and something decisive must be done: the letter of the Lady Romanowska to the Princess Lovicz was in Fedora's cabinet—of this Zarifa took possession, determined that the following morning, at the earliest possible hour, should see it placed in the hands of the Grand Duchess.

All things now maturely considered, she strictly commanded the passive widow to see that no intelligence of this most sorrowful event should transpire, lest the two young men, now in safe keeping on the Island of the Saxon Boors, should be aroused to break parole by the urgency of the occasion. Assurances of obedience were readily given by Anna; the high

character of Zarifa was known to all the Romanowski household and dependents, each was aware that she possessed the unmingled esteem of the Countess, and all saw frequent proofs of the boundless affection and confidence accorded to her by the younger ladies ; thus, the good Anna, and the grieving Litta, desired nothing better than to obey her orders ; and she returned to the street of Franciscans for the night, tolerably certain that if these gave her no aid, they would at least do nothing to baffle her efforts.

On reaching her home, she summoned Nikolay, but could learn from him nothing of what had occurred at the old Kartzma, except what she already knew, that the Colonel had escaped, this Nikolay had learned, from a brother Drosky driver, who had passed the Ostrog, as the outcry, following on the discovery of the prisoner's evasion, arose.

He related that Jagel, pleased with the large payment received from the young gentle-

man, driven out by Nikolay on the evening before, had been ready to swear, that no Drosky or driver of his had approached the barrier. Nikolay, too, had boldly presented himself to the Inspector, who, assured by the pass-word of the "order," had too hastily given his confidence, without minutely observing to whom, but who declared at first sight of the boy, that he was not the guilty driver; the latter being a man, if the Inspector were to be credited, of middle age, and displaying a thick red beard, of which appendage, the chin of Nikolay betrayed no symptom.

The boy had not then received injury from the service he had done his Panienka, and now, well pleased with himself, and his reward of mingled praise and pay, he went off to the questionable trade Zahroun had bound him to, of Drosky driver, and sub-subordinate to Jagel, the sub-sub-Spy.

Morning dawned on the inhabitants of Warsaw, and the blessed sun looked down on

many a heart, too sad to welcome his beams, as when does he not, wherever these fall on the close pressed crowds of that pestilent stronghold of all evil, a great City. Drearly sad was the heart of many a subject to the Czarevicz—but perhaps none more so, than that of our poor friend, Zarifa.

Clothed in the debasing habiliments of her supposed race, she took her way to the Palace of Belvedere, resolved to suffer whatever might assail her, rather than fail of placing the letter of the Countess, in the hands of the really estimable Grand Duchess Constantine.

The interference of the Princess Lovicz, could surely not be refused on such an occasion. So Zarifa thought—and so had she need to think, for the enterprise she had undertaken was one of innumerable difficulties! She arrived before the Belvedere as the sun rose, but was at first unable to approach it, so thronged was the place by the carriages of the different military authorities then attending the early levee of

the Czarevich ; although none were permitted to pass the outer barrier, those in waiting on men who had attained the rank of General Officer alone excepted : after some time however, she found herself at the entrance of the first court, and as it was known to Zarifa, that no stranger may cross that space, unaccompanied by a soldier of the guard, she accosted the mildest and gravest looking of a group, evidently regarding her with curiosity, and in the most confident tones she could muster, required a conductor to the apartments of the Baroness Kolyska, a lady near the person of the Princess, and, better still for her purpose, a known friend to the family Romanowski.

“ The Baron Kolyski, pretty one ? ’twas the Baron—not his Lady, thou wouldst see,” said the demure looking personage to whom Zarifa’s deceived eyes had directed her ; his respectable gravity of look exchanged for a grin that would have suited Belial’s self—but his further

impertinence was checked by the approach of two young Officers, one of whom stopping as he heard the name of Kolyski, lightly accosted Zarifa.

He declared that the days of King Casimir had come again.

"Behold a brighter Esther!" he exclaimed, and then he swore by his honour, that if Casimir the Great had only half as fair an apology for his heterodox choice, as the features before him offered,\* none need wonder that the Knights of his day had been proud to couch their lances in honour of so excellent a taste as that displayed by their Monarch. "Even I myself could shiver a spear in such a cause, grave Paladin as I am."

"Hold thy prate, Emeryk," said the com-

---

\* It will be in the reader's recollection that Casimir the Third, King of Poland, was long attached to a beautiful Jewess, named Esther, by whose influence many privileges were granted to her people ; she is even said to have been not unpopular with the Polish Nobles themselves.

panion of the youth, interrupting him, "fool it as thou wilt in proper place and season, but a man were a brute to jest with yonder girl, were she twenty times a Jewess."

"And wherefore, courteous Valenty?" demanded Emeryk.

"Dost thou not see that the eyes thou hast praised are even now full of tears."

"Then is mine honour tarnished, gone, stark naught!" said the would-be Knight, turning with altered manner towards the object of his late persecution.

"The Baroness Kolyska, you enquired for? if you will pardon my impertinence, I will guide you to her apartments, which I did purpose seeking, as a dutiful nephew should, at some less matutinal hour; but in your service, fairest, lo! I am ready even now."

The incorrigible banterer was resuming his tone of levity, but Zarifa, who, perceived him to be rather light than insolent, lent a grave attention to the foolish boy's harangue.



The noble dignity of her manner was noted by the more observant Valenty, who again spoke.

"This volatile friend of mine is not so shallow as he seems, young lady, but if I may advise, you will repose yourself awhile in the Gardens of the Princess. The Lady Kolyska will be there, in attendance on her Imperial Highness, within an hour from this time; and here is one, who will more fitly guide you than my hare-brained friend who is yet neither so rude nor so foolish as he has just taken pains to seem."

"I shall find means to show my gratitude for thy flattering remark, Valenty," said the subject of it, laughing; but his companion, heedless of his talk, was occupied in giving directions to a servant of the Palace, who had respectfully approached at his signal. This person then civilly requested Zarifa to accompany him—which she did, first returning brief thanks to her kind assistant, and the harassed

girl soon afterwards found herself in a small retired Temple, near which her conductor assured her the Princess and her ladies would certainly pass, when she might take a fitting time to address the one she sought.

Here Zarifa sat to wait, painfully reviewing the last three days of her life, and trembling with terror and anxiety, lest the result of her late attempt to rescue one of the beloved family, to whom she owed that she was not the abject thing she seemed, should end in misery—perhaps death, to another.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Ach ! was kann nicht alles Königen begegnen ! die weisesten selbst, werden nicht selten hintergangen ! Arglistige und eigennützige, Leute umgeben sie, die Redlichen entfernen sich, weil sie weder zudringlich noch Schmeichler sind.

GRANDMOTTET.

THE hour named by the friendly officer thus wore away, but no ladies had yet appeared, and Zarifa, to whom every moment, passed in uncertainty of Fedora's fate, was one of deep suffering, began to fear that the Princess would not visit the garden that day. Her dread of this increased with every moment ; at length a rustling sound was heard, but also voices, and

they were the voices of men ; the path turned abruptly at some short distance from Zarifa's resting-place, and though footsteps evidently neared the temple, the walkers were not yet apparent ; the sound of male voices, and the tramp of heavy feet, had caused Zarifa to draw fearfully within the concealment of the building, the door of which she longed to secure, lest, half open as it was, it should invite these unwelcome visitors. But the speakers drew near, and she dared not stir, they turned the angle above named, and were full in view. The first of these colloquists was wholly unknown to her, but in the second, she instantly recognized the coarse, though otherwise somewhat handsome features, of her heart's terror, the enemy of all she loved, the dreaded Cheffkine.

Quivering with fear, she heard no word of the many loud, and, as it seemed, angry ones uttered, as the gentlemen passed her hiding-place ; but they did pass it unobserving, and,

for a moment, she felt relieved ; still her first impulse was to fly the neighbourhood of the dreaded Baron ; but then, how gain access to the Princess, through all the difficulties of the Palace ?— difficulties that had so nearly stopped her, unrepresented, unsanctioned as she was, even at the very outset.

No—she would abide the still hoped-for coming thither of the Grand Duchess ; but meanwhile, she made fast the small portal, certain to be warned of the approaching ladies, by the sound of their footsteps, since the upper part of the door, formed, after the manner of the Venice shade, did not exclude sound, nor light except at pleasure.

The present possessor of the building closed all the valves, however, carefully, with those of the windows piercing the little octagon, and of which the door, when closed, seemed to form one.

Seated on the floor, Zarifa placed herself against the barricade she had thus raised

between herself and her enemy, leaned her aching head against the door, and thus awaited the coming of the Princess, or that of Cheffkine, as fate might decree.

Much time passed; at length steps were heard, but voices also—that of the Baron evidently one. Again the anxious girl sat shivering, and a deep terror seized her as a strong hand was laid on the latch, the door shaken, and a loud complaint uttered against whomsoever had ventured to lock up the Pavilion—the speaker seating himself, meanwhile, on the steps without the Temple.

“You are soon tired, Vasili Paulovicz,”\* said Cheffkine, taking, but as it seemed reluctantly, a seat beside his companion; “ten minutes more had seen us at the Palace, and with something better to rest on than these freezing marbles.”

---

\*Vasil or Vasili Paulovicz—Vasil or William, son of Paul.  
VOL. II. L

"Freezing ! 'tis mid-summer, man ; but you say truly, I *am* tired—yet, less with the length of the walk than with the weight of your misdeeds, Dimitry Sergievicz.\* You lay a burthen on my shoulders, that will some day be thrown off, like the over-weighted load of the mule—yes, you may sneer, but I am in earnest ; and you may *say*, as you already *look*, that I am myself no very edifying ensample of moral excellence : 'tis a truth that I can't controvert ; but, tell me, in the name of Satan, do I ever sin as thou dost, for the mere love of sinning ?—have not I ever *some* motive to the misdeed of the hour ?—above all, do not I repent and vow reformation after every separate lapse ?—a thing thou hast never once done, nor thought of doing, from thy boyhood

---

\* Dimitry Sergievicz—Dimitry or Edward, son of Sergius, the accepted form of address among Russians. Daughters also take the father's name ; but the termination is feminized, as thus : Eudoxia Karolovna, Eudocia daughter of Karol, or Charles.

up, thou Child of the devil, thrice baptized."

"I grant all thou hast contended for, respected proser," declared Cheffkine, mockingly, "all, as far as thyself art concerned; thou doubtless *hast* ever a motive for sinning; but then, add a little charity to the rest of thy perfections—conceive that I also might find a motive to boast, though the same be not apparent to thee, because of the bluntness of thy perceptions. Moreover, if I make fewer vows, canst thou not comprehend that I *break* fewer? for I think thou wilt scarcely have the impudence to uphold that thine have ever ended in fulfilment?"

"All may be as thou sayest, Dimitry; but a truce to thy banter; and since thou hast reasons in such plenty, give me one, just one, for thy detention of the Lady Romanowska?"

A deadly pang shot through Zarifa's heart—the fear she would not utter even to herself—had not then gone beyond the truth, Fedora had



indeed fallen into the hands of this most cold and heartless villain—very bitter was the sorrow of Zarifa when this became certified ; but she remembered the importance of acquiring that information, which a fortunate chance seemed to offer, and listened intently for Cheffkine's reply.

“Hist ! thou blunderhead—hist ! breathe it not to thy very night-cap ! am I grown deaf of a sudden, that thou must yell out my closest secrets in mine ear as though thou wert sounding the blast of judgment that priests prate about ?”

“Not deaf, Dimitry—not deaf, perhaps—and for the blast thou scornest so bitterly, doubt not but we shall hear it, both of us, and soon enough—but stupid thou art got, aye ! wondrously dull, else hadst thou perceived that not I, but thyself, betray thy secrets : hast thou not this moment admitted, that she whom thou didst call the waiting-woman only, is in truth the noble lady herself, as I sus-

pected from the first, loudly as thou hast sworn to the contrary.”

“What marvel?” demanded Cheffkine, in tones of vexation—“what marvel if I become a fool—who have so very a dolt for my companion as thou art, Vasili Paulowicz! say I do suspect this girl to be other than her peasant garb would imply! must she thence be the sister of the rebel Kazimir? would she not have announced her rank, had it been as thou surmisest?”

“Knowing thee, most Excellent, I conceive that she might not,” replied Vasili, in a lively tone, induced perhaps by satisfaction in the trick he had practised so successfully on his more astute but, just then, careless friend. “I think the lady might decline to make acquaintance with thee—but have it thy own way—I care little for the matter—only—see thou that our Great Drill-master\* get not scent of the truth,

---

\* The Grand Duke Constantine was so called in Warsaw.

no leveller is Konstanty, as thou well knowest, he had hesitated to bid thee immure a lady of the noblest blood in Poland, somewhat longer than he thought needful for the shutting up, during a short time, of her peasant-slave, as thou didst describe thy prisoner to be."

"Fear thou nothing for that," returned Cheffkine; "when did I ever let the Czarevich know more than it suited our purpose to impart—canst thou tell me when I did that?"

"To do thee justice, no—thou art certainly not given to enlighten beyond necessity our liege lord's ignorance; but I bid thee beware, nevertheless. I love not the Poles—thou knowest it—but thou hast tried them after a fiery fashion—and I warn thee—they but *seem* to submit."

"Submit," echoed Cheffkine, in tones of bitter mockery; "now what marvellous discoveries art thou making? who ever heard of a Pole's submitting? from the day when he rode rough-shod over his puppet kings, the

Piasts, the Jagellous — till the present hour—”

“When thou art riding rough-shod over him, in thy turn,” interrupted Vasili.

But, heedless of his words, the Baron continued—

“Who ever thought of their submitting—ever wished it even—not I, certainly—no—let them kick, to their hearts’ content—the whip is long enough to reach them—aye, and if the old lash wear out, with much use; why new ones are not to seek—dost think they are?”

“Yet a man may ride with too sharp a curb; he may come by a fall too before said kicks have been paid by good strokes on his steed’s back. Wherefore again, friend, ’tis I who say to thee beware! I, thy friend, Vasili Soltipeff.”

“And, in return, I give my friend Vasili Soltipeff, the more needful advice, to—go home and eat his breakfast.”

“Home—yes,” replied the party addressed, “we may otherwise encounter the Princess.”

"*Nu su,*" said Cheffkine, "she comes not to the gardens this morning, or I had chosen our walk elsewhere; but get up, because I would fain eat, and am tired beside of sitting on these cold stones, with no better society than thine, Vasilii Pavlovicz."

"Whose worst sin against thee, nevertheless, is, that he prays thee not to run into the lion's jaws—in which situation thou wilt inevitably be found, once the Czarevitz discover thy notable deviations from the path he hath chalked out to us."

"There thou hast spoken a truth," conceded Cheffkine, "our master is none too tolerant of the said wanderings. Be it my care to save him the pain of beholding such; as I swear to thee, by the love I bear him, to say nothing of that I bear myself, I *will* do, while I am Dinnitry Cheffkine."

Saying this, the Baron marched off, on resounding feet, in the tramp of which and of

his own, the reply of Soltipeff was totally lost.

Zarifa was now left to make such use as she might, of the conversation to which she had been a guiltless, however willing listener.

It was now near the time when the Czarevich was daily accustomed to review the troops on the *Plac Saski*,\* and, her hope of seeing the Princess destroyed, Zarifa determined to present herself to his Imperial Highness in person; resolved to claim from himself the justice that he would not refuse, if the truth of her statement became apparent to him. It was yet a frightful office; the violence of Constantine's temper might well break out at her audacity, and she had not lived in Warsaw without hearing, whether wholly believing or not, how entirely he could disregard the

---

\* *Plac Saski*—Saxon Square, the Grand Duke's place of daily review.

common courtesies accorded to woman ; even to the forcibly expelling from his presence, such as, presuming on their rank or sex, had ventured to present themselves unauthorised, or in evil hour.

The dreaded Cheffkine, too, she must fairly enter the lists with this confessedly unscrupulous man—she must appear as his accuser ; and, for a moment, her heart sank within her at the magnitude of the danger ; but how else could she rescue her friend from his most unholy keeping—no—there was but this one path, and, thorny as it was, she must compel her reluctant feet to seek it, and that forthwith.

There was little difficulty in discovering the door by which she had entered the gardens ; it was closed, but her attempt to open it, though unsuccessful, presently brought to her aid, one of the numerous attendants lounging near, and she passed out, unimpeded and unquestioned.

His Imperial Highness had not yet come

forth ; but the heavy-looking Drosky he commonly used, was in attendance, and, the punctuality of his habits being well known, Zarifa felt assured that the term of her waiting would not be a long one.

Once within the great courts of the Palace, she had the option of withdrawing to a corner remote from observation—and this was a privilege that she at once assumed.

Few royal residences present more of external order and regularity than did that of the Czarevicz Konstanty ; all unseemly sounds were banished thence, an imposing silence prevailed around the Imperial dwelling—even the birds, in its park-like grounds, were declared to sing *sotto voce*, and the frogs themselves—numerous residents in the neighbourhood—are said to have refrained from croaking, until they finally became altogether voiceless.

At length, the Czarevicz came forth, and Zarifa would then have given worlds had, they been hers, for some few more of the moments.



she had just before been so impatiently counting; now that the time was come, she felt wholly unequal to the task she had set herself.

At the first appearance of the Duke, she made a step to approach his person; but the foot was quickly drawn back, and, shrinking into her corner again, she rejoiced for a moment in her self-accorded reprieve, feeling as one who has just recoiled in time, from a sudden and dangerous precipice.

It was only for a moment that she permitted the predominance of this weakness; she remembered that her reprieve *was* self-accorded—a merely fancied release; her eyes turned, nevertheless towards the interior of the Palace; fear whispered that an easier way, were to seek the Princess, when the too painful effort she meditated, might be spared her; but then the delay! and the Czarevich—he, who alone must finally be her aid—he was there before her eyes.

She spurned the coward feelings that assailed her, and refusing to think of any consequence to her act, save the blessed one of Fedora's release, she traversed the broad Court with determined, though unequal steps, and stood in the attitude of supplication before the Czarevich.

For a moment, the Duke regarded her carelessly, as merely questioning what had brought one of her class into so close a contact with his person—a questioning that would presently have changed into anger at her presumption in barring his way; but those earnest eyes, fixed imploringly on his face, the gentle and modest beauty of the pale features he had before seen to wear the same eloquent look of supplication, all were instantly known, and checking the angry words, which, ever ready for the use of the roughly-mannered Prince, had risen to his lips, he looked down on the slight girl with an expression, most tolerant for the Imperial face to

exhibit, at the same time, holding forth his hand for the paper, which he concluded she would present.

It was now only that Zarifa perceived herself to hold in her hand the letter written by the Countess to the Princess Consort, and doubting how far she might safely give to the Duke words so little likely to be measured exactly, as those of the Lady Romanowska, she drew it almost from his touch, and, in reply to Constantine's astonished look, poured forth her charge against his favourite, with the haste of one who felt that if the present moment were not seized for action, the next might be rendered useless by her own weakness and terror.

"A noble lady! you are misinformed good girl, 'twas a waiting woman, that the people of the Baron Cheffkine detained," replied the Czarevich, once the torrent of poor Zarifa's words had ceased, "fear not, she shall have no heavier doom than may cure her of the con-

tumacious silence she maintains, and which the ends of justice require that she be compelled to break. She must say who has incited her to favour the evasion of a Prisoner : no slight offence, thou knowest child, and this is hers ; but a noble lady she is not, as I have told thee."

"The Baron Cheffkine deceives your Imperial Highness, knowingly, and for his own purposes," Zarifa burst forth, each word a gasp, but the Duke interrupted with displeasure.

"Deceives ! and knowingly ! girl, is it thus you speak of a high-born noble ? but since thou art so well informed of his deeds, who is the noble lady he detains—what is her name ? her titles, girl, what are they ? what noble house mourns her absence ? speak, we would do justice, and wait but to hear thee declare the whole truth of this, thy most strange tale ; he paused, half in contemptuous anger, half as awaiting reply : but Zarifa had no reply to give, it had suddenly occurred to her, that Romowski would hold his house dishonoured, were

it publicly known, that one of its daughters had been left, for however short a time, in the care of one so unscrupulous as was Cheffkine. Many officers of the Duke's staff were near, and pressed as closely round him, as respect for their master would permit, some stood within hearing, and all were curiously observant of an interview so unusual.

It was but for a moment that Zarifa hesitated, yet that moment was fatal to her cause ; turning to depart, the Duke said sternly, " go, go, you are ill advised, they are your enemies who have sent you hither ;" and stepping into his carriage, he was borne quickly from her view, leaving her more than ever perplexed and miserable, for she now charged herself with having ruined all, by her own mismanagement.

Weighed down by this conviction, the half maddened girl left the Imperial precincts, wandering aimlessly through the long avenue, leading thence to the city, but without fixed purpose of any kind ; her limbs were bending

with fatigue, and mechanically she seated herself by the church of St. Alexander; she did not think, for, stunned and half-senseless from the last blow, she was as yet entirely incapable of reflection, or of forming any sort of project for extricating herself from this now hopeless difficulty. The sun had risen high in heaven, when her lethargy was somewhat disturbed by the heavy sound of wheels, which at any other time she would have recognised for the rumble of the Grand Duke's waggon-like drosky, and would forthwith have removed herself from sight. "He is coming back then from Parade" a sort of stupid notion to the above effect passed through her brain, but she cared not, he was nothing to her, since not the hoped for deliverer of her friend, so she sat there in passive dulness, till the carriage and attendants had passed by.

Her reverie thus broken up, Zarifa sank not into it again; but when she rose, it was with entire indifference to the road she took, since

none would lead to the help so much needed ; strolling, therefore, without caring whither, her feet turned into one of the narrower avenues leading off towards the Jerusalem barrier ; but within twenty yards of the main road she again paused, and sat down beneath the Lindens, offering shelter on either hand : some effort was now made to recal her scattered energies, and take a view of her present situation ; but little had been effected before she was again aroused, by the sound of hoofs approaching her closely ; and, looking up, she perceived an elderly staff-officer, whom she had seen at the palace, near the Imperial person. He reined up his horse, as he gained her position, dismounted, and approaching her ; Zarifa then rose to receive him, a welcome hope re-entering her before most desolated heart.

This was strengthened by the first words she heard.

“ His Imperial Highness had been graciously pleased to reconsider her words of that morn

ing, and had vouchsafed to dispatch him, General Gaszrotz, with his imperial commands."

These were to the effect that she "should await a second messenger, whom his Imperial Highness would not fail to transmit, with such orders to herself as might be consequent on the enquiry, which his Imperial Highness had graciously resolved to institute, on his return to the Imperial Residentz."

"And now, my good girl," said the General, a benevolent-looking old man—after delivering in courtly phrase the commands that he had been honoured by Royalty withal; "now, let me give you some advice from myself; you seem a good girl—less Jewish-looking,\* too; than are commonly the daughters of your people;

---

\* It may be remarked that a very strong prejudice exists among elderly Poles, even of the educated classes, against the Jews; and this is sometimes evinced by remarks much more offensive than that in the text.



but you may have been misled in this matter ; and if any one have been so barbarous as to set you on making the charge you have brought against so powerful a Noble, without, at the same time, furnishing you with most sufficing proof to substantiate the same ;—there is the spot on which the Duke last saw you—I did not find you there—and am willing to report as much for your benefit. I need not say how near you were to the place ; for, be sure—that in the case I suppose—it were by far your safer plan to eschew all encounter with the next comer from the Czarevicz : wherefore, if you are not entirely satisfied that your motives are such as the Duke must approve, betake yourself to the closest hiding you may, and see that it *be* a close one !”

Zarifa, now somewhat restored to herself, thanked the well-meaning officer cordially, for the kindness he had evidently intended in his advice, although firmly declining to follow it ; shortly after, a carriage approached from the

Palace, a second officer, alighting, held a short conference with General Gaszrotz, who, resigning his horse to the last comer, placed Zarifa in the carriage, and, entering himself, was driven off with his young companion towards the city.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The earth often complains that she is ready to sink back into Patila,\* under the accumulated load of all the iniquities of mankind.

*From the Puranas.*

*Translated by Wilford.*

For some time, Zarifa and her conductor rode on in silence, he meanwhile observing her narrowly ; at length, he spoke—

“You are not afraid then, though you know not whither I take you ? Our Lord was right,

---

\* Patila, called in the Ramazuna, Patala, the abode of hydras and serpents, is the hell of the Sanscrit.

as he commonly is, when he thinks his own thoughts, instead of acting on those put into his head by—hem !” the old courtier pulled up his tongue, lest it should run away with his discretion. “Ah ! you would hardly have been seated there, full in his eyes, had your conscience declared you a detected impostor. Hey ! such skulk off and hide at once, don’t they ? So thought his Imperial Highness. And you have in good faith, attempted no roguery in this matter of the Baron, hey ? Yet I half thought you a little villain myself, I must confess ; but my friend, Major Berthold, has just told me that the Czarevich thinks otherwise. Well, we are going to visit this imprisoned damsel, be she noble, or peasant, or even Hebrew like thyself. I have it in command to make no enquiries even, and am too old a soldier to violate orders.” His obedient eyes looked, nevertheless, a thousand queries ; but he good-naturedly forgave Zarifa’s disre-

gard of their eloquence, and replying to her first joyful start and eager look with a friendly nod, continued his talk. "Yes, thanks to your energy, the Baron's labyrinth will be threaded by a clue he had not counted on; you have out-flanked him, child—you have turned his position—fairly counter-mined him—though he's no bad engineer either; but, girl, 'twas a bold attempt, that of yours, and might have led to a different result; for our Duke understands no jesting; and, on occasions, can be sudden, as most of us know." The old man muttered the last remark to himself, rather than to his companion; but his tones soon rose again. "I rejoice that you have got on well thus far; and, as I said, am too discreet to ask who the lady is."

A dead halt, and look, that said as plainly as look could say—"but you'll tell me, of course."

Zarifa was yet compelled to neglect the mute

appeal ; and, as Gaszrotz would have said himself, she out-generaled the general, as she had countermined the Baron.

Their destination was the Convent of Camaldolines, where Gaszrotz descended from the carriage, Zarifa following ; but not till he had pointed out to her the Baron's Drosky disappearing at the farther end of the square, round which were raised the Conventual buildings—nor till her unwilling eyes had seen the Baron himself, as he entered the Convent, by a small door, nearly opposite to the gate whereat she was herself alighting.

General Gaszrotz at once demanded to be led to the Superior, and the porter was about to conduct him by the grand entrance ; but, pointing to the door at which the Baron had just entered, Gaszrotz insisted on going the same way. The porter then glanced at Zarifa ; but was instantly checked by the General's reference to the Grand Duke's orders.

Consigned to one of the in-door attendants, and proceeding by the road Gaszrotz had chosen, the Superior's apartments were gained somewhat earlier than had been expected by their occupants; and the sound of a door closing as the General entered, with its depending curtain still in motion, convinced him that a visitor had left the room at the moment of his gaining it.

On a table standing in the midst of the apartment, lay a bunch of large keys, on which Gaszrotz laid his hands as if inadvertently, while he slightly saluted the Superior.

"Those are not the keys you will require, my lord General," said the Superior, deferentially.

"Then you know whom I seek, and we need lose no time in explaining," retorted Gaszrotz, confirming his grasp on the keys, and proceeding with them towards the curtained door.

“Reports travel quickly,” replied the evidently disconcerted Superior; “you come to fetch the peasant girl, sent hither by the Czarevich yesterday; but that is not the way, my lord—permit me,” and, crossing the room, the speaker opened a third door, which would doubtless have led them eventually to the spot they sought; but Gaszrotz firmly believed that Cheffkine had but lately taken the road he was choosing, and that worthy seemed in too palpable haste to have used any but the shortest cut; hence, the stubborn old soldier was not to be diverted from the door he had fixed on, and the Superior, like the porter, was fain to give way.

Traversing a narrow gallery, into which the curtained door had given admittance, they now descended to the basement of the building; passed the Convent kitchens, and leaving these far behind, they next came to a strong door, already opened, by whom the General was at no loss to conjecture. This open portal



crossed, they traversed many passages, and, at length, reached a range of small low rooms—the prison of the Convent, a part not unused of late years, in Warsavian houses of religion, nor always free from the reproach of detaining the sinned against, rather than the sinning.

Shocked at the extremity to which her friend had been reduced, yet occupied and consoled, by the near prospect of so soon effecting her release, Zarifa did not observe a sound that had for some time attracted the attention of Gaszrotz, nor was it until, pausing, he demanded, “what those sounds might portend,” that her attention was in any way drawn to them; she then heard the sounds he alluded to—they were those of masons at work, doubtless engaged in repairing the building—but she thought they could scarcely be of sufficient interest to arrest his steps, at such a moment, and felt impatient of the General’s delay.

A moment later, and her impatience was

changed to surprise at the old officer's look of horror, as he made this demand—surprise raised to the utmost pitch of astonishment, when, looking at the Superior, she perceived the discomfiture, not to say terror, depicted on her countenance.

“Which is her room?” demanded Gaszirotz, again hurrying onward, “but I need not ask,” he continued, fiercely regarding the troubled Recluse, and making directly towards the sounds. Suddenly he paused before the door of a cell whence these seemed to proceed, while the bewildered Zarifa, her hopes chilled, she knew not wherefore, stood anxiously watching his motions.

“These are not the right keys?” said the General, to the subdued Superior, trying, nevertheless, one after another of the large bunch he held, “these are not the right? No, but those that are the right, have been longer in getting hither than their present

possessor expected. No wonder he was in such haste, I knew there must be good cause for it—one is not an old soldier for nothing.”

Labouring as he talked, Gaszrotz at length discovered what, as he ill-naturedly remarked, was a right, if not *the* right key. This opened the door of a small chamber, and a sight presented itself, intelligible enough to him, however meaningless it was at the moment to Zarifa. Two sullen and ill-looking men were busily occupied in excavating the thick wall opposed to them, and they continued their work, unhindered by the party entering, from whom it may be supposed they expected little praise for pausing in their labour.

On a low bed sat Fedora, watching the operations of these men, with an eager stare, but with eyes whence all intelligence seemed fast departing; these she had turned towards the door as it opened, but the portly figure of the Superior was then filling the gap, and

Fedora resumed the employment that seemed blighting her, unconscious that aught better worth looking at remained behind.

Zarifa was terrified as she beheld the fearful change worked in so short a time on the person of her friend, and felt dismayed as she thought of what must have been the suffering that had caused it. She dared not approach Fedora, as it had been her first impulse to do, fearing the effect of any sudden shock, in her evidently weakened state, thus it was Gaszrotz who next presented himself to Fedora's view, but she had scarcely become aware of his presence, before her eye caught a glimpse of Zarifa's floating garments, and another moment saw her fainting from excess of joy, and hanging, a burthen hardly upheld, on the almost equally weakened form of her friend.

Tears came to the relief of both, before words could find place, and when Gaszrotz saw them seated hand-in-hand on the bed, he then found leisure to turn bitter reproaches on the

Disconcerted observer of the scene, the Superior of the Convent.

Well could he divine, as he took care to make known, the meaning of what he beheld, however unusual the appearance ; loudly did he threaten the heavy vengeance of the Czarevitz, and vainly did the pale Superior declare that all was merely a demonstration, meant to bring the young peasant to a sense of the necessity for obedience to the Grand Duke's orders.

Now Gaszrotz entirely believed the Superior's words, he felt persuaded that none would now dare to proceed to the extremity her preparations threatened ; but of this he took care to make no admission—he had seen such immurings, as he swore the wretch before him meditated. Yes, he therefore knew the signs, from the hammer's first small clink to now, that the purposed sin stood out confessed.

“ But then 'twas the followers of Mahound

that had perpetrated the accursed crime—'twas not a Christian! still less a professor of the Greek, and only true Faith; least of all a Russian!" Fast and furious came his threatenings, and pitifully dismayed was the face of his hearer, when Cheffkine entered, finding his way, after long erring, to the spot, yet not, as he had intended, in time to remove his prisoner to a less suspicious-looking cell.

The state of things was at once apparent; he saw, from the Superior's face, that all had been admitted, and evasion was impossible; shame coloured his bold face, spite of all his efforts to look coolly, and confusion was manifest through the affected indifference with which he returned the grave salute of Gaszrotz.

"These are strange preparations, General, but of course you know, that I could but mean to frighten the girl, you will scarcely think me a purposed murderer," said Cheffkine, with what firmness he could muster.

"Even though I know this, Baron, there

are those who might doubt it ; beside to this young—" Gaszrotz hesitated, he respected rank so much ; that he would not give even its distinguishing epithets, till assured of proper claim to such, he believed the peasant-clad girl he saw to be noble, but to avoid mistakes, he chose the term person, rather than that of lady, first on his lips ; "to this young person, Baron, loss of reason, if not of life, might have been the consequence of your proceedings ; would have been, if I have any skill in looks, but for the timely interference of her friend, who has saved you from committing a greater crime than you perhaps intended."

Speaking thus, Gaszrotz approached the still trembling girls, both of whom had turned from the sight of Cheffkine, once his voice had made them aware of his presence ; but they rose at the summons of the General to accompany him thence, and for a moment the eyes of Zarifa met those of Cheffkine : shudderingly did she turn away, for the words of Gaszrotz had made

her aware of what those preparations, which she had at first disregarded, were possibly meant for ; quickly was her look withdrawn, and devoutly did she pray, that the ill-omened face, which nature had intended for a good one, but which vice had stamped to fearfulness of evil expression, might never again meet her eyes ; as indeed it never did, once only excepted, when the sight well nigh blasted them for ever.

General Gaszrotz now attended the young people to the house of Anna Gadomska, having it in command from the Grand Duke to see them in safety to whatever place they might indicate ; on the way thither, he imparted from his own liberality, certain counsels, to the effect that they should meddle no more with Nobles so powerful as was the Baron Cheffkine, who had even on this occasion found means to persuade his Imperial Master, that he had been mistaken, rather than designedly oppressive. This might be safely inferred from the fact of



his disgrace terminating with the mere frown of the moment, and from the certainty that he had incurred no heavier penalty, than the order to resign his prisoner at once, unquestioned and unpunished, whether she were noble or peasant.

Listened to with becoming respect by his young clients, their "Counsel, learned in the Law," of expediency; super-added to his advice, an assurance that Cheffkine would vainly seek to learn their place of refuge from him; then, receiving their grateful adieus, he left them to the motherly care of Anna Gadomska, the frantic joy of Litta, and, deeply needed, the food and rest, of which neither had for many days partaken, but in sorrow and bitterness.

## CHAPTER XV.

This man was mine enemy, yet sometime noble.

*Ajax of Sophocles.*

ZARIFA was the first to regain her self-possession, and having shortly related the history of the day, she left her friend to the repose still required, departing herself to what she called her duties for her restoration in the house of her father, but which Fedora stoutly declared to be acts of grace and favour, conferred on one who had not, she maintained, the slightest claim to such deference on her part.

The young Countess slept for some short time, but her late sufferings affected her slum-

bers, and she started in excess of terror from a frightful dream; scarcely could the presence of the good widow convince her of her deliverance from that cell, which the persecutor Cheffkine had threatened to make her grave, on her stubborn refusal to declare what she knew of the Colonel's escape. Fedora was not usually weak or wilful, but her impatience for her friend's return was now uncontrollable, and the ready Anna despatched a servant to entreat the Panienka's presence.

Meanwhile, Lukasz arrived, and, bearing a special mission from his master, was admitted to Fedora's presence. "The well-born Nobles," he set forth, declared themselves wearied of a Raftsman's hovel in the Saxon Boors; they reclaimed the promise given to remain there, and designed to present themselves on the following day at the Ulica Bielanska.

The Countess Romanowska and the Lady Julia had deferred their journey to the Baths,

and were now at Labronna, whither the high-born Colonel Berkovicz desired at once to proceed ; for though the Countess Julia had not been made acquainted with that Noble's danger, it was just possible that some rumour of it might reach her, and this he wished to prevent by his presence.

Such was the communication of the prisoners on the Saxon Island.

Fedora, too, felt most anxious to return to Julia ; but then Zarifa must be left behind : she had not much time, however, to dwell on this painful thought ; Lukasz, that born blunderer and fated marplot, throwing her again into the utmost terror for her brother and his friend, by blurting out the fact—not intended to meet her ear—that, before presenting themselves at the house of Gadomska, the nobles meant to seek the Belvedere, there to surrender into the hands of the Czarevicz, the appointments which both had resolved to hold no longer.

This judicious communication made, Lukasz withdrew ; grieved that his lady should fear the issue of the well-born nobles' purpose, but pleased with the honour of having seen her, and all unconscious of the storm then brewing for him, in the breasts of his two other auditors, Anna Gadomska and his sister Litta. This, however, did not fail to burst on his devoted head, once these ladies had lured their victim to such distance from the Countess Fedora's apartment as that she could not be disturbed by its thunders.

"Dolt ! Idiot ! Pudding-head ! Spoil-the-roast !" these are the very gentlest translations of the hissing, spluttering expletives, they refreshed his ears withal—nay, worse might have ensued to the members aforesaid ; for the rage of Litta was especially vivacious, and her long, slight fingers quivered with most portentous activity ; but the approach of Zarifa caused a cessation of the tumult, and her

entrance, following the moment after, acted as oil to the waves, that were else threatening wreck, to that luckless bringer of messages never sent, the bewildered Lukasz.

The delinquency of the peasant, being made known to Zarifa, caused her too much anxiety for the probable result of the noble friends' intentions ; but the faces of the assembly before her, sufficiently told the recent strife, and, concealing her dismay, Zarifa hastened to assure the discomfited Lukasz that his lady would be soon reconciled to the purpose of the Count her brother ; when the peasant, darting a look of triumph at his late assailants, craved dismissal of the Panienka, and escaped that dangerous vicinity.

"Though the gentles love their jokes, 'tis not I who can be their playfellow," said Lukasz to himself ; using the admonitory saw of his language, and resolving thenceforth to company chiefly with his horses, "when I

thought they would be calling me Galupka\*—at the least, here is Litta with a mouthful of such words as are not sugar-plumbs; but for the Panienka, worse had come; then no Vodky—not a taste; now, that I may at any moment be in presence of my Lord. Lelum Polelum!† take thy office, uncle Henryk; henceforth I will not envy thee that honour. I desire to pray for my lord; but do thou stand by his side in the chapel."

So thinking, Lukasz returned to the Saxon Boors.

The assurance given by Zarifa to the peasant had arisen from a conviction on her part, that the morning's events would dispose Constantine to receive the resignation of the two

---

\* Galupka—my dove, *nom de cresse*; but rather corrupt Russ than Polish.

† Lelum Polelum, Castor and Pollux, a form of adjuration much used in Poland.

young men in a more amicable spirit than could be reasonably expected on ordinary occasions.

Not deaf to the voice of justice and good-feeling was the Czarevich, always supposing no sudden ebullition of temper to be unluckily dominant for the time. The influence of the favourite must at present be at its lowest ebb ; the Duke would not fail to remember who had accused the two officers, their high character and repute might recur at the same time, and the benefit of such recollection, together with the proof lately given of Baron Cheffkine's fallibility must produce effect—these things considered, there was hope of a fortunate ending.

All this Zarifa set before the young Countess, and her suggestions were, as usual, called the best of counsel and consolation—her presence was accepted as the most effectual of supports.

It was now agreed between the two girls that, for the present, Fedora's detention should be concealed, from all but those already aware



of it—to this end, Litta and Gadomska were duly cautioned.

Lukasz had happily been with his lord on the Saxon Boora, and knew nothing of the matter; so that he, as Litta joyfully said, could not run his thick skull against their plans; and further might she have remarked thereon, but that her lady declared so faithful a follower as Lukasz to be no subject for violent reproach, and Lisette, who loved her brother, found the reproof far from unwelcome.

On the morning following that day in which so much had been done, said, and suffered, Zarifa rose at dawn, proceeded to her father's house, and spent some time in arranging such matters as seemed to require attention; she then returned to breakfast with her friend; but Fedora, disturbed on her first awaking by Zarifa's absence, was still languid, and indisposed to accept the varied delicacies which Gadomska placed before them.

Not so Zarifa ; her early occupations had nearly restored the good appetite proper to youth and health, both of which were hers in perfection, though the first was not so glad a season as the beautiful spring-time of life should be, and the second might be well expected to desert her, if many of her days were to be marked by such agitations as had disturbed the last.

Since the loss of their Warsavian Palace by the Romanowski house, it had been the pride of the attached Gadomska to hold the principal apartments of her ample dwelling as belonging to "the family ;" she had even changed her abode, from the modest one suiting the condition of one who, though rich, was of the peasant class, to a residence wherein she could indulge her predominant feeling more commodiously : nor did the noble Countess refuse to her ancient follower the gratification of her presence, or that of her children—certain that it was always in her power to return the

you held with mamma," and, disregarding Zarifa's attempts at disclaiming, Fedora proceeded to tell how the Countess was at one time wont to reproach her daughters that neither displayed the high qualities possessed by a mere Jewish girl. Faithful to their old affection, the Sisters were gratified rather than grieved by these remarks, but rarely failed on these occasions to remind their mother of the fact that for many years she did not believe Zarifa to be a "Jewish girl."

"Neither does she still, Zarifa," the young Countess continued, "but since the loss of the lands, that mamma has taken so much to heart, Julia and I are more observant of her humours, and do not press her so much on that point, but we want you more than ever, and once I get home you shall see that I will —— yes, I know what you would say, she continued, preventing Zarifa's purpose to speak, "and I am very obedient, and will be, but still I will

see if we can't have back our old happy days, and be all together again—now too that you have done so much for —— well, I won't speak of it, since it vexes you, but, Phianka—” this was a favorite diminutive of the old happy times—

“Phianka darling, mamma is not included in our compact of secrecy. She won't fight the Baron with sword and pistol you know, if Kazimir would; neither could she be doubtful as to how strong must have been the motive inducing you to honour the dress of the coarser—far be it from me to say nobler—sex, by adopting it in our service. Surely mamma knows you well enough, if my brother do not, for, to do her justice, it was her very self that made you what you are: she had some help perhaps from certain fairish dispositions of your own; but of these you are not to boast—no—give mamma all the glory, and, Zarifa, take my word for it, she has no little pride in her work, though she has unaccount-

ably endured this long separation, from which she has suffered as well as ourselves."

And so talking on till her breath threatened to fail—Fedora threw herself on a sofa, and professed an intention to sleep; her purpose was much encouraged by Zarifa, whose thoughts were painfully fixed on what might possibly be passing at the Belvedere, and who felt grateful that Fedora's were less disagreeably occupied. To sleep would be an excellent way of escaping anxiety, till intelligence should reach them, but scarcely had Zarifa placed the cushions pleasantly around her friend, than the latter started up again, seized the uppermost and throwing it on Zarifa's lap, placed her own head thereon, where she lay with a satisfied aspect, boasting of her excellent precaution, and delighting in the ingenuity that had secured her, as she said, from all danger of Phianka's wicked desertion: thus assured, she soon fell asleep.

For some time, Fedora's slumbers were fitful

and uneasy, haunted, as frequent murmurs made evident, by recollections of the last agitating days; but, after some time thus passed, she sank into a quiet sleep.

Looking down on the dear head she supported, Zarifa now counted every breath, almost holding her own, lest the slightest movement should prematurely awaken the sleeper.

The superiority of age in these two fair girls, was slightly on the side of Fedora; but it was Zarifa who now seemed the elder, the one responsible for, and charged with the care of the other, and she felt as may one who watches a beloved child: beautifully did this gentlest, most feminine feeling impress her delicate yet intellectual face—nay, the features were illumined by it to expressions of angel blessedness—when her thanks arose in that solitude, for deliverance from late peril—as one who looked, unseen, on the fair group these two presented, felt deep in the closest recesses

of his heart. It is not surprising that Zarifa should feel thus, if we remember how much Fedora had, of late, been her thought, her charge; and if we take into account the firmness of her own character, developed to a maturity beyond her years, by fixed habits of thinking and acting for herself, although, remaining on some points, in child-like simplicity, from the same circumstance of self-communion being all of social intercourse that was usually within her reach.

Occupied, as we have said, the hasty opening of a door, opposite to where she sat, roused her attention; but, for more security, Fedora had thrown one fair hand up into the clustering locks of her friend, and thus, holding her fast, had fallen asleep, unconscious of the inconvenience suffered by her affectionate guardian, who dared not raise her head from its half-bent position, and could but make sign with her hand that Litta should depart—for to her rather than to the more considerate Anna, did she attribute the sound.

Satisfied that the servant had retired without further noise, on seeing her lady sleeping, Zarifa soon forgot the matter ; but, after some time, by one of those movements common in sleep, Fedora suddenly released the prisoned locks from her grasp, and Zarifa threw up her head, shaking them back from her brow—doing this, her eyes fell carelessly on the doorway opposite, and there, looking earnestly on his sister and herself, stood Kazimir Romanowski.

Now this was ostensibly the first time that the Hebrew girl had met the head of the Romanowski house ; for, as we have said, in her childhood, the Count had not resided in his home.

She knew not, of course, that he was aware of having seen her before ; but she felt that he would instantly know who the companion of his sister was, and would have risen to receive the noble Count as befitted ; but she hesitated to interrupt the so-much-needed



sleep of Fedora ; and when Kazimir perceived her attempt gently to remove the beautiful head that held her fast, he replied to her mute bend of salutation, by a bow of profoundly respectful import, and retreating very softly, was lost to view : that he lingered near the neighbourhood of the two girls was however obvious, for scarcely had the first words of Fedora broke forth on her awaking, than Litta came to announce the presence of the noble Count, and to pray her lady's permission for his entrance.

There was no time for Zarifa to say that this had already been half-effected. Litta's return to the ante-room was the signal for her lord's appearance.

The presentation that now ensued, was in a form of words so much more gratifying to the warm affection of Fedora to utter, than to the modest diffidence of Zarifa to hear, that Kazimir, in mercy to the latter, turned, after a brief, but very graceful acknowledgment, to

pour torrents of reproaches on his sister, for her dangerous and ill-considered journey; these were met, as may be imagined, by the recipient, and when they had performed their intended purpose of enabling Zarifa to regain her self-possession, the Count became willing to give them truce. Fedora nevertheless continued the ingenious mode of defence she had adopted, the whole blame was thrown on Zarifa—she it was who had said, that the happiness of their Julia was more sacredly to be guarded than that of others; who might seek it in one place, if it were lost in another.

“Yes, Kazimir, it was Zarifa’s fault; she declared dear Loolie to be like the lovely Lotus flower, the green and violet Beshneen, that I have heard you call the Bride of the Nile, for that it comes into life with the rise of his waters, lies, in its soft radiance of beauty, the fairest gem on his lordly bosom, and sinks to death when he leaves it—so then, as I could not but believe would our Loolieczka do, if evil

chance befel Berkovicz—don't scold Fedora, Kazimir—scold Zarifa." The young Countess playfully pointed towards her friend; then, thoughtlessly content to see her brother's approving looks fixed on Zarifa, she turned to other matters; and first, "was he really going to make formal resignation of his appointments, as Lukasz had said?"

"Lukasz said?" exclaimed the Count, "how has he dared to say what he received no orders to communicate?"

Careless Fedora! but this time she sought not to throw blame elsewhere, she took it all to herself, and soon dissipated the anger of the Count against his peasant; still the question as to the Belvedere remained unanswered, and Zarifa's anxiety was undiminished—the answer was not long delayed, Lukasz was right: the eyes of the girls met, with an expression of terror, not lost on Kazimir, and he hastened to add, that the resignations had

been already tendered—more—were received. Neither Voleslas nor himself were now in the Service.

“Offered and received! when? how? what then is the hour?” enquired Fedora, and finding how long she had slept, her looks turned quickly to Zarifa. “Then I have left you to endure all the anxiety of that fear alone! I have slept, and you have been watching through every long hour; dearest, you forgive me—yes, I know it, but I cannot forgive myself; what a dreadful morning you must have had!”

Fedora did but take for granted what she had the best of right to suppose—a perfect sympathy, namely, from the sisterly affection of Zarifa for herself and Julia; from that felt for the Countess by her young ward; deep and true, if not as tender, as the love she bore her youthful companions, and lastly, from the natural interest she would feel in the safety of Kazimir, the very idol of all three. More than this, Fedora

never thought of, nor did Zarifa receive her words as implying more. Never had her conscience reproached her for the worship she paid to that Ideal of excellence shrined in her bosom, and called the brother of her friends; thus she felt in no way apprehensive of a sinister construction of Fedora's words.

But the listening Count was conscious to a delicious feeling; taking to himself, for the moment, a far larger share in the anxiety his sister supposed, than she had meant to give him, though not, perhaps, larger than strict truth might have assigned, had the girls betaken themselves to what neither had ever thought of, a closer analysis of the feelings under question. A red glow rushed over his dark, manly face; the heart of Kazimir swelled with triumph; but it faded, leaving his countenance more than usually pale, as he remembered how unfounded was the hope he had just conceived—how little to be desired the state of things that hope supposed—and,

above all, he reproached himself for his absurd and vain thought, as he looked on the calm and noble, yet feminine face of Zarifa, now in graceful conversation with her friend.

Fedora presently required from her brother an exact account of the morning's events; but Berkovicz was announced at the instant, and Kazimir referred his sister to him, feeling himself but little disposed to enter on the details demanded; he merely observed, that he had never seen the Czarevicz to so much advantage, and that all had gone well and peaceably.

"Well and peaceably — 'tis a marvel to be scarcely credited! the Duke was almost amiable," declared Voleslas, whose usual gravity of demeanor had vanished before his elation of heart, at the prospect of so soon rejoining his Julia; "never before was bear so tame, and then his growl, how soft and mild it was! if he did outstretch his paws, with a

longing look, we are bound to believe, that he meant nothing more fatal than an English embrace of the hand. Kazimir, you remember Sir Lionel Mainwaring's specimen of that caress? and how it made Rodonski roar?" parenthesized Voleslas, laughing at the recollection: his friend joined him but faintly; and he proceeded—"No, Konstanty thought not of giving us the hug so many have found fatal; it was even surmised that he would have smiled on our parting salutation, had to smile been in the nature of the animal—be that as it may; we retired with hearts relieved, since the undertaking might, in a less propitious moment, have cost us more than we could have comfortably paid, as that best of Russians, Rodonski observed, 'for,' said he, 'a man has seldom much enjoyment, once his head has left his shoulders.' We came off forthwith, and here we are, free to lay aside these trappings," and he glanced at his splendid

uniform, "and to mount the Zupan\* — the Kontusz, the Karabella† even—all of which your mother holds in such profound respect. What say you, Fedora, will you help Kazimir to cut off those straggling things you call his curls? won't it improve him to go back to the shaven crown of our ancestors? our heads will, at all events, be lighter than under this," and he lifted the plumed and ponderous Schako lying near him, "to say nothing of our hearts."

During this tirade, an outbreak most unusual to the grave Voleslas, Fedora had frequently glanced at Zarifa, as acknowledging the truth of her predictions. It was, doubtless, the affair of the morning before, that had caused so wonderful a placability in the Czarevich; all around him had manifestly been surprised at his unwonted mildness, for the transitory disgrace of Cheffkine was but partially known;

---

\* Zupan, Kontusz, portions of the old Polish costume.

† Karabella, the sword worn with the dress.



nor was it supposed to be in any way connected with the family of Romanowski.

The next topic of discussion was the escape of Berkovicz—whose acknowledgments to Fedora were conveyed in the form of reproaches, for the risk she had incurred, and of which he had received an account from Lukasz. How near the exposure he lamented had been to proving fatal, he knew not—nor was it intended that, for the present, he should do so.

The circumstances attendant on the baffled arrest of Kazimir at the Barrier, were already known to Berkovicz, as well as the mode of his friend's escape; but Fedora, though determined to keep her promise to Zarifa, of concealing who had personated the boy on that occasion, could yet not deny herself the pleasure of asking Kazimir if he had properly rewarded his young attendant.

Prepared by the roguery of her look for what was coming, and guarded by his previous knowledge of the truth, Kazimir cleared up

Zarifa's troubled face, as he gravely replied, that the boy had staid for no reward, and seemed intent only on rejoining his lady.

"But you, Fedora," he continued, in the same tone, "are, doubtless, not leaving him to repent the service he has rendered us; when he gets older, I must find some means of assuring his establishment—for the present, perhaps, he is better with you."

Completely baffled by the perfect self-possession of her brother, Fedora did not venture to persecute Zarifa by continued remark, and abandoned the subject.

It was now Kazimir's turn to try if he, too, had not a secret of which his sister knew nothing; and he quietly observed that it was a boy who had warned him when his arrest was first attempted. Fedora's unmoved countenance assured him that he had—that this act of Zarifa's was not known to her—neither should it be, as he well determined, unless announced by Zarifa herself—and the conscious-

ness that he held this secret, was exceedingly agreeable to him, it seemed to constitute a sort of tie between them—how, he might have been puzzled to explain—Zarifa herself, not being aware of the fact: and to what good purpose could it exist, even supposing such tie to be? no matter, he felt that this fancy pleased him—leaving, doubtless, the *rationale* of the affair to the metaphysicians, as do we—the mere poor chronicler of the fact.

Bowered in a Paradise of his own planting, Kazimir was too soon disturbed by Voleslas, who announced the hour for quitting Warsaw at hand; nor did Fedora hear his remark with unmixed pleasure, since to leave Warsaw involved a separation from Zarifa; but Voleslas, unconscious of the feelings newly awakened in the bosom of his friend, attributing his unusual habit of reverie on the Saxon Boors to the difficulty of his then situation, and anxious, now that difficulty was overcome, to seek his promised bride, would hear of no delay. Litta

was therefore directed to commence preparations for departure. These proceeded but too rapidly under the eyes of the grieving girls, as each sat mournfully considering the length of time that might elapse before their next meeting : for Zarifa would not permit herself to acknowledge a wish, much less a hope of recal to Labronna ; and Fedora, though sanguine as to the result of her intended application to the Countess for that purpose, was yet so liable to be impressed by the present moment, that she could not entirely console herself with hope for the future. Their feelings were neither unobserved nor unshared by the Count, who willingly left to Voleslas, whatever arrangements were needful, on their part, for the journey, fearing to lose one precious moment of that society, which every look and tone of Zarifa tended to convince him was the one earthly blessing, failing which all else must for him be thenceforth valueless.

It came, at last, the bitter moment of separation, and many were the tears of Fedora, deeper still was the sorrow that hid unseen in the heart of her brother—yet bitterer than all the pang that gnawed Zarifa's aching bosom.

There was a determination felt, though unacknowledged, in the Count and his sister, to make the will of others subservient, if that might be, to their own—such is ever existent in hearts not well-accustomed to self-sacrifice: an incipient hope is consequent on this, though, perhaps, referred to purer sources, by those entertaining it—and that hope supports, even while only half acknowledged. None of this was in Zarifa's bosom—no—resigned to the utter desolation of her lot, her strongest conviction was that it must be borne; acting thereon, she repressed, by painful effort, the tears that would have answered those of her friend; and if she could not steady the quivering and plaintive voice that, even more than these, be-

trays the inward suffering, she did the next best thing that remained to her, and kept silent.

Not unmarked was all this of Romanowski, he saw how deep was the grief Zarifa felt at separation from his sister, but he saw also the strong dominion she held over her feelings, and his respect for her character kept pace with his admiration of her beauty—his delight in her gentle and feminine manner: How powerfully too, did that soft manner contrast with the will to do and dare for those she loved, that he knew her to possess. Yes, she was indeed the rare assemblage their Julia described, and the proud Polish Noble felt his very soul to fall prostrate in worship of one who might be, was, perhaps, a Jewess! one of a people—the very bye-word and scorn of his own!

It is a common remark, and justly founded, that when friends separate, those who go, suffer less, all else being equal, than those who remain. It was eminently thus on the present

occasion, for how far from being equal were all other things, yet was the truth but partly exemplified at first, in part only ; since to Kazimir, unused to self-sacrifice as he comparatively was, the moment that hid his gentle love from his eyes, was unsurpassed in bitterness by the regrets of Zarifa herself. Soon, however, the force of the truism became apparent ; driven out of himself by the necessity that compelled him to hear and answer his companions' remarks, Romanowski became restored to a calmer state of feeling, while Zarifa, once again in her desolate home, had, for some time, not even the strength to attempt control of the cruel regrets she suffered.

All the revolting things there forced on her notice, how hideously did they not contrast with the quiet propriety, the congenial elegance surrounding her early friends. Oh, surely they were of a different order of beings, who must now replace those so well-beloved, or rather into contact with whom she must again

and henceforth be compelled, however loathingly her soul shrunk from that abhorred communion.

Who can doubt that the friend left behind, the deserted one, was indeed the greater sufferer, who refuse to grieve with the grief of one so sadly misplaced among the groveling, the abject, the vicious vulgar, as was now the unhappy daughter of the noble Spaniard and his highly-born Osmanli bride.



## CHAPTER XVI.

I have eaten no Vinegar to my Salad, while lasted the Feast of the Tabernacles! Meat, soup and milk, sup I never with the self-same spoon. I have not abandoned the Fringe of the Law, nor do I wear short garments. When did I fail to wrong the Enemies of Jerusalem, or to spoil the cursed Gojim\* when they came across my way! Yet go I fast to Hersh Mersh†—who shall deliver me,

NIEMCIRVICK.

THE days of Zarifa went by drearily. Zahroun returned from Dantzic, but the profits his soul doted on had eluded his grasp, and he was in

---

\* Gojim—Jew term of reproach for Christians.

† Hersh Mersh—Ruin—the Doga.

charity neither with himself nor with mankind; we have heard Zarifa profess to believe that had Zahroun been a more fortunate, he had also been a better man; if this were so, there was not on the present occasion an opportunity for the experiment to commence from. All his traffic had brought no florins to the unlucky Israelite's purse, rather had they melted by degrees, those ill-gotten stores that he had withheld from the orphaned infants of his Benefactor, and in the secrecy of his chamber he acknowledged with bitterness of soul, that the Curse, foretold, dreaded, and at length felt, and sunk under, by Salome, had found and clung to his most wretched self.

For some days after his return, the thoughts of Zahroun seemed full of some object in which Zarifa was evidently interested; he would shut himself up for hours in his chamber, and if it became needful to seek him there, an old walnut-tree cabinet, guarded by Salome, through all her wanderings, as the sole relic of

her father's property that she possessed, was ever found open before him; on Zarifa's approach he would hastily conceal the contents from view, but, regardless of the business to which she had summoned him, would begin to question her of her early recollections, of the late discourses held with her by his brother Nathan, of the Countess Romanowska, and whether any demonstrations had been lately made by that Lady, of a desire to receive Zarifa once more to her protection. Once indeed he spoke of going himself to Labrunna, Zarifa doubting not, that all this had been produced by Nathan Ben Zakaria, and awaiting the result with much anxiety.

We have said that it had long been matter of conviction to Zarifa that she was not of Hebrew race—certainly not the child of Zahroun—whose manner—now strangely deferential, now capriciously unkind, was never marked by either the familiarity or the fondness so natural to a father. Many things—not

easily described—yet readily understood, by one whose suspicions, like those of Zarifa, were awakened—were daily taking place, and all tended to strengthen the conviction alluded to.

She wore the hated garb of the Jewish race, in obedience to the commands of Zahroun, and to the wish (implied though not expressed) of the Countess; yet she believed it not to be the token of her race or rank, be the latter high or low, and the rather, as Salome, who might have removed her evident doubts by a word, never uttered that word, although clearly suffering much, from the existence of the feelings that she could not but perceive Zarifa to cherish.

More than once did the latter resolve to entreat explanation from the lips of Salome, and to pray that she would either declare her claim to the duty a good child offers to its parent, or say to whom, in Zarifa's case, such duty rightfully belonged; but these intentions were ever penetrated by Salome, who seemed to have an

intuitive perception of the subject on which Zarifa was about to speak, and as constantly prevented her purpose.

At length the failing health of the Jewess made it incumbent on Zarifa to spare her all avoidable uneasiness; she contented herself therefore with performing carefully whatever the best of children might do for the most loved of mothers: her reward instantly following in the peace of her own feelings, in the gratitude of Salome, whom she did, indeed, greatly regard, and secretly, perhaps, in the assistance given by that very gratitude to the convictions she loved to feel, for the satisfaction with which a mother sees her child perform her duty is not gratitude, nor does it wear the semblance of being so.

Again—there were times when Zarifa's most affectionate ministrations seemed to give the Jewess pain, though always acknowledged in a manner in which, as before said, mothers

do not acknowledge a right so entirely and sacredly their own, as dutious service from their children.

Then too a kind of gleam would come over the mind of the lonely girl, too faint to be called remembrance, yet which must, she thought, be a light thrown by memory over the darkness of the past ; whence else the half-seen forms, less distinct than those of a dream, and always gone before her quickest efforts could fix them for more effectual examination ? Then those faint and fleeting visions were ever the same, and though she could not say what they were, yet certainly were they totally different from all that was now around her.

Had these shadows presented themselves while she abode with the Romanowski family ? would Nathan Ben Zakaria demand ; for she had more than once conversed with him on the subject.

They had not ! yet a kind of reason she

might have given for this; but that certain feelings held her back; they might grieve or anger the Jew, and she withheld them: too ready, however, were the thoughts she entertained to light up her beautiful eyes, or sadden or colour her clear open brow, as their tenor and character might be, to escape the penetrating elder.

“Thou believest thy present state to be more violently opposed to that of thy infant years, than the lot thou didst call thine in the House of Romanowski?” would the old man say. “There is pride in thy bosom, my daughter—pride of evil sort—drive it thence, that thy heart be not perverted as well as thy judgment: it is not then, as I had believed, because my brother is of base mind, and that each day he becomes more grovelling—it is not thence that thou dost reject him, maiden? were he of the high and the powerful, instead of the poor and despised, thou wert scarcely so ready to——” then pausing, as the ready

tears sprang to his hearer's eyes, he would check the bitterness of his reproof, and listen indulgently to her broken voice and gentle words, as she meekly told how it was not places but persons that passed half-formed before her mental eye ; of state or condition, whether splendid or abject, she had no perception—it was a sort of character about these visions, what, she could not describe, but peculiar she felt it to be, and such as she believed she must recognize, if it met her physical organs. She would tell what she thought the reason why these shades had not presented themselves in the House of Romanowski—the present was then all-sufficient to her ; her mind was not then occupied by the past as it now was ; she did not add—"for else the present were unbearable," but finished by observing that she would not declare herself free from that sin of pride which her revered friend imputed to her ; she had even taxed herself with it on the instant he had spoken ;



but had shrunk just then from exposing the weakness.

It was then old Nathan's turn to be reproached, and if he had not spared Zarifa, still less did he spare himself; she was free from all and every shadow of fault, he declared, his captious temper was alone to blame; she was his own best child, that she did not fly from him rather than console him by her presence; but his punishment was always in her hands—she had but to desist from her visits, and it would be severe as she could wish.

“Nay, Zarifa could wish him no punishment—he deserved none, how should he—but exceeding gratitude at her hands; for who was her guide and stay, and dear instructor, but himself?” nor was her last remark exaggerated; much had she profited by the wisdom of the worthy, if petulant Nathan. So the matter usually ended in the most affectionate of partings, and a promise to meet again on the

first fair occasion ; the old man blessing with soul-felt fervour, the beautiful creature, who bent her gentle head before him, and she, bounding off, all the warmer in heart, and the happier ; for the holy influence of that good man's prayer was felt, as soon as uttered.

Zahroun, too, was fully conscious that the Romanowski household believed not Zarifa his daughter ; the Countess did not now declare herself of that opinion, but all else insisted that the object of general love, or respect, as the station of the parties might be, was free from taint of Hebrew blood, as she manifestly was from whatever vices and errors, have changed the being of that race, from a glory to deep shame.

Such as we have described, was the state of things in Zahroun Ben Zakaria's house, for some time after his return from Dantzic, but his intentions, whatever these might have been, were not carried into effect ; he became suddenly engaged in close intercourse with the

Drosky driver, Jagel, and other members of the secret police. The boy Nikolay went and came between the high contracting parties, with a frequency, that left him little leisure, while Zarifa could not but fear that all this betokened evil, and grieved to think, how surely her old friend's predictions would be verified by the wreck of his brother, amid those troubled seas of civil discord, on which she felt sure he was preparing to embark, dragging the luckless orphan Nikolay, in his wake.

It was now Listopada, or in English, November, of the year 1830. Zahroun had been for some time absent, but he returned to his dwelling in a state of more than common disquiet; "he was the disowned of God," he declared to the startled Zarifa, "doomed—accursed, even from his youth up! what had prospered in his hand? nothing! nothing!" and shuddering, the unhappy man paused—he seemed to look through the vista of the past,

and to shrink from the spectacle it presented, though he did not particularize in words, the events reviewed.

Unable to devise more effectual consolation, Zarifa suggested his taking the advice of his brother, if he found himself in any strait, the latter yet abiding in the Port Dantzic.

His brother ! how ? she knew well that he had no brother ; could not Nathan Ben Zakaria have established him by a word ? yet had he refused to say it : might not he, Zahroun, be now Factôr\* to the family Glinskiewicz ? what but his brother's want of feeling, had deprived him of that excellent office ? had he not written large letters to Dantzic, entreating his recommendation ? and had not this, the only thing required by that opulent family,

---

\* Factôr, a person—very commonly a Jew—employed by a Polish Family, to make its purchases of every kind, small and large, even to the dress of its ladies ; manifestly an office of much trust.

been refused ? it had ! she knew it—knew too that he had renounced his brother as the consequence.

Zarifa could not deny the charge—she knew all this but it would have been worse than useless to attempt defending Nathan, as she might have done, on the score that his refusal had proceeded from scruples of conscience : Zahroun was already sufficiently excited : Zarifa had named the brother, hoping that now, in a time of need, reconciliation might be offered by Zahroun, as it had already been sought by Nathan. She did not further pursue the subject however, and the Jew resumed his complaints, these, in all their violence, less distressing to witness, than the reverie her proposal had aroused him from.

Nathan was yet abiding in Dantzic ! doubtless, yes—and what place better ? was he not there, adding ducat to ducat, and heaping still more riches on riches untold ? while he, Zahroun ! but thus had it ever been ! what un-

dertaking had gone well, once he had embarked in it—none! none! well and wisely had Nathan acted in refusing to become his partner, and so was seen—had he not, unblest as he was, taken his Boats of grain to the distant Port—better had never sprung in Podolia! yet, on reaching Dantzic was it not green as a meadow waiting the mowers? it was, yet such mishap was not uncommon, and the grain, save a few inches from the sprouted surface, may be recovered; but the Boats of his brother that followed them, they had brought their load to the market, fair to see, as when raised from the winnowing floor; yellow was it, as the sands of Ophir. Then he, unhappy Zahroun, had paid large monies, for the labour of men who should turn the grain and cast it high in air, so as to free it from the damps, and to save of his cargoes if it were but a little: after that—for were not the men skilful in their trade?—the corn had put on a fair appearance, and he had sold it to one of small

experience in grain who had taken his damaged corn, at a price—aye—a better one than his brother had gained for his beautiful samples—also, the young merchant had bought the boats that had brought the corn thither, and which, as usual, were broken up, on being unloaded, because unable from its currents to ascend the rapid Vistula, by which they had gone down, and unfitted by their construction for other purposes. Yes, he had sold all, well, and to sufficing profits—but lo! what followed—the bills of the cheated purchaser were found by the still more cheated seller, but as chaff between his fingers—worthless! protested! dishonoured! and when he made haste to reclaim his too lightly yielded merchandize, behold—the bark of the buyer was white on the waves, he saw but her gleaming sails, filled with a breeze that bore her quickly from his sight, and was left to tear his beard for lack of better employment.

Were not the sheep which had been

collected for the son of his brother, even Jehudah Ben Nathan, collected by the young man's father from Lûblin, and shipped at the departure of Nathan and himself; were they not lovely as the flocks of our forefather Jacob? while the Ukarina cows, that were his own venture, fed in the rich Volhynia, where he who walks by their pastures must look narrowly, or he find not the cattle, so nearly doth the high springing food hide the feeders,—these beasts were as the lean kine of Pharaoh in the sight of all men—they were—they were—he called the God of his fathers to witness that he spoke but the truth.

Further, had he not that very morning borne intelligence of a most important kind to the Bureau of —, he paused suddenly—his habit of caution regained, and casting on Zarifa, looks of anger and suspicion, as though she had sought to wring from him some secret nearly betrayed by his own violence, he bade her begone to her chamber. This mandate



was obeyed with little reluctance, for Zarifa could give him no consolation ; it was useless to point out to him that, by his own admission, he had, in the grain affair, but received fraud for fraud—it had been worse than useless to express, what yet she feared—namely—that the business of the cattle would betray, if closely looked into, some feature of the same crooked dealing, of which all his brother's warnings—all those, still more forceful, of his own long experience, had been insufficient to cure him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In our account, we took the Serpent and the Scorpion, but the Erba wa Erbayn,\* was not in the reckoning.

*Arabian Proverb.*

*Burkhardt.*

DISGUSTED and heart-sick, Zarifa sat in her lonely chamber, till cheered by a visit from the affectionate Anna Gadomska. This good woman failed not to offer her respects, from time to time, to the Panienka, for whom, as she declared, the Romanowski rooms of her house

---

\* Erba wa Erbayn, a very small insect, but said to be extremely venomous.

were always ready, and whom she received accordingly, and installed in those apartments, whenever Zarifa permitted herself the consolation of a visit thither, with a deference of manner, more befitting the dear friend of the young Countesses, than the daughter of Zahroun ; which last estate, Anna, in common with the rest of the household, maintained right stoutly was none of hers : this belief was exemplified by all in the profoundly respectful observance accorded by each to the Panienska—an observance indeed, that her high and noble character had caused to be in no sort inferior to that received by the Countesses Julia and Fedora themselves.

The present errand of the widow was to make known the fact of the Countess Julia's espousals ; these had taken place some weeks before, but the letters sent at the time to Warsaw had been unluckily entrusted to the care of our old friend Lukasz, who had fulfilled his mission on this occasion so exactly to the

purpose, that, after long waiting a reply to the packet sent, the family received their own unopened missive instead. Much astonishment had been felt by all that Zarifa, who counted among her virtues that of being the most punctual of correspondents, should fail to acknowledge a communication so interesting as the last; this they could not account for at Labronna; a second packet was prepared, and more than one heart felt cold, as the thought of her possible inability to write, from illness, or other misfortunes, assailed them.

Anna Gadomska would have sent to tell it, had anything ailed Zarifa, the Countess thought; but she, too, was anxious for intelligence, and the second missive was ready for its bearer; when, behold, the first found its way back to the senders, its seals unbroken, its purport all unscanned by her whom it was meant to enlighten, and the labour of those who had hastened, "that dear Zarifa might

receive the first intelligence," had clearly been labour in vain.

Summoned to account for so extraordinary an occurrence, Lukasz found no difficulty in doing so: the Jaskolka!\* alas! the Jaskolka—it was all the fault of that unhappy Jaskolka—he had killed one! unadvisedly, of course—Lukasz would have thought of killing his mother as soon—but he had killed it—not a month before the day of his unlucky despatch with the Panienka's letters. Doubtless, the cause assigned by Lukasz, was most proximate and undeniable; but could he not remember one still more "Germane to the matter?" No! that was impossible—there was none such—this, the Jaskolka had caused him to

---

\* Jaskolka, the Swallow, to kill one, entails, as the Polish peasant believes, all possible mischiefs, to say nothing of the impossible, but which yet come within the scope of his creed.

meet with Adam, the Bee-keeper of Pan Dubovicz—worse than that—it had brought to the same place, a certain Xawery—Xawery Bujino of the Forest—it was not to be supposed that where these three were gathered together, Vodky and Braga would be very long absent—wherefore these last, making their appearance accordingly, and being properly introduced, took their places in the Assembly by common consent.

Now it is known to all the world, that Adam, the Bee-master, is not a brawler—but that Xawery! he would make a lean Bear quarrel with a Honey-comb!

“A Russian Mujick,”\* says the proverb, “when laudably drunk, will e’en fight with a turnip,” so would Xawery, if he could find no better antagonist; thence it chanced that at Vodky’s instigation, Lukasz was

---

\* Mujick, Boor, Clown.

called on to take part in an overture, more remarkable for the strength of lungs exhibited than for the delicate harmonies, set forth in its sounds; he did not fail to lend his voice to this concert; nor when the grand finale was performed, did he refuse his two broad palms: could he see friend Adam, be patted to death by that Xawery?

We say patted, because pummelled or pounded, were not so perfectly applicable—for, let it be clearly known, that our cousin, the Polack—he of the clod and furrow that is—holds it your most convincing mode of settling a dispute, to give certain blows with the open hand, (*Anglicé* “slap;”) nought knoweth he of an English fist, or if he did, would call its logic, something only fit to persuade a sullen ox to the ground, when no other inducement could make it consent thereto.

They slapped each other's ears then, the Polaks, and when they had done so, to the degree of beating each other into bosom

friends, they sat down to cement the affection by aid of their gossips, Vodky and Braga, afore-said.

But lo you now! what followed? Lukasz, most good-natured of Polska's children, smoked the "Calumet of Peace," and poured libations to the new-born friendship—till, no longer able to see his beloved compere, he was borne to repose "in his glory;" and it was high noon of the following day, ere it occurred to him to awaken.

At this hour, Xawery Bujino was preparing to leave the Kartzma, situate half way perhaps, or within a verst or two, between Labronna and Warsaw, to which latter place Xawery was also taking his way. The cup of salutation was not to be rejected—perhaps a second followed, or even a third—but, in any case, a discovery was made of so brilliant a kind, that we must suppose the Spirit Vodky lent her aid thereto. It was to the effect, that two men need not go to the city—if one might perform the work of



both—as Xawery declared he could do on the present occasion. It would seem like a want of confidence in his friend, if Lukasz declined this offer.

A kind of floating idea, too, was in his brain, that by this arrangement, he might remain close to the comfortable stove, whence his languid limbs felt no disposition to move, till the return of his chum from the city—when the two might be excellent company to Labronna.

All considered, these philosophic economists resolved to make no waste of animal energy—so Lukasz and his horse staid at the Kartzma, till Xawery and his horse got back to it, when all four returned, as had been fixed on, to Labronna.

How the failure of Xawery had chanced, Lukasz pretended not to say—perhaps he, too, had killed a Jaskolka—altogether, this matter bewildered our friend—it had come on him suddenly too, for Lukasz, much affecting the

society to be found in his stables, never sought the house, and had heard none of those surmises as to the Panienka's silence, that might else have given him warning.

Now we desire it to be known, that if a strict adherence to all his resolutions may not be justly predicted of Lukasz—still he did keep some ; among others that made in Warsaw, to live henceforward with his horses—and as these excellent animals had said nothing of the Panienka's packet, he had really not a chance of hearing that it had remained unanswered.

Slowly did he return to his dear domain, looking well to his steps, lest a second of those fatal birds should work him woe ; if a consolation remained to Lukasz, it was that he had well established his case : a second messenger was chosen for Warsaw, but the noble Count had not entrusted to him the mission, till he had solemnly deponed himself to be innocent of all sins against Jaskolkas.

Something of this sort did the widow relate

to Zarifa, then, leaving her to the enjoyment of reading intelligence so pleasing in the words of those most interested, the Pani Gadowska drew round her portly form its various furs and foldings, and taking a respectful leave, departed.

Letters and gifts from the Countess, and the Sisters, there were in profusion. The former Lady had long before written to Zarifa, in acknowledgment of her unexampled efforts, but the recal hoped by Fedora had not followed. On the present occasion, the Lady Romanowska's announcement of her daughter's marriage was affectionate, though guarded and slightly restrained; this Zarifa first read, then plunged heart and soul into the minutest gossipry of Fedora, and devoured with eagerness the less talkative but equally affectionate, and spite of her infirmity, equally legible communication of dear Julia.

The letters were read over again and again, first one, then the other, till the short winter day was at an end, and Zarifa betook herself

to the reveries that of late had been to her as Oases in the desert of her else dreary life. She was aroused from contemplation of the dear familiar faces at Labronna, by a light tap on her chamber door, and kindling her night lamp, she beheld, as she opened it, the unusually pale and terror-marked face of Nikolay.

For some moments it was difficult to divine the boy's motive for coming thither; his usual readiness had deserted him—a bearing, at all other times manly beyond his years, was changed to a look of the utmost fear and anxiety, nor was it until Zarifa had kindly enquired if he were ill? Had any one hurt him? What could she do to comfort or help? that he became restored to something of his usual self, and to that generally clear and straight-forward habit of proceeding, which distinguished Nikolay, whatever the business in hand might be.

Having recovered a certain portion of his self-possession, he then rapidly announced the

purpose of his visit. This was the desire he felt to confide to the Panienka a fact which had come to his knowledge, namely, that certain Students of the University were banded to assassinate the Czarevich; an act the Russ boy regarded with all the more terror and abhorrence, because certain it must result in the destruction of all connected with, or cognizant of it, as he felt that not only his masters, Zahroun and Jagel, but even his abject self might be accused of being.

“And that they will do, Panienka,” he continued, “the very Saints themselves can’t hinder them, and this blessed night! Listopada 29th, is it not?”

Zarifa could not dispute the date, Listopada 29th, it was; she knew the boy’s general accuracy, with his many modes of gaining intelligence, and seeing him in earnest, asked if he had acquainted the Authorities; and proceeding at the same moment to summon her father,

that he might dispatch intelligence to the Belvedere and Bureaux of Police.

But Nikolay resisted and stood in her path.

“Do you please\* to understand Panienka, I have told my masters—both—Zahroun and Jagel, but they bade me be gone, and on my life to say no word of it.”

“Then they know it is not so, Nikolay, and you are misinformed! You would certainly not deceive me?”

“If I would, Saint Nikolay would cease to keep me, as I should merit that he did—no, Panienka, if I lie in the ears of some people, it is not in yours, nor yet my masters,’ and they know it—they have motives of their own for commanding me to be silent.”

“Motives, Nikolay! and for concealing so

---

\* “Do you please to see,” “have you pleased to hear;” these are common Russ Idioms, and are also used in the Polish.

nefarious a purpose? You must be wrong, boy—wholly wrong—but let me hear, quickly, what is the source of your information. I may then be able to form some judgment as to how far we may rely on it.”

Nikolay evaded this, but repeated his assertion, and proceeded to explain what the motives he spoke of were. Something had been discovered, as he said, by Zahroun, in his late journey, this had been reported at the Bureau of General Serampatoff, a somewhat important Member of the Secret Police, but instead of rewarding the Jew for his intelligence—this Authority had declared himself to be already in possession of it from other sources—a common trick with that respectable Personage—who, by aid thereof, obtained valuable intelligence, at no other cost than that of lending his ears to receive it.

This plan suited him well—not so the worthies, whose trade it was to sell the same, and Zahroun, duly appreciating his superior’s ingenuity, had guarded against this result,

known to be a probable one, by withholding the most important part of his information, namely that, as Nikolay believed, of the proposed destruction of the Czarevich.

Shuddering at all she heard, the deepening depravity of the man she must call father, and the certain demoralization of the luckless boy before her, Zarifa remained some moments silent, and the Russian, thinking he was still not fully credited, proceeded to make confession of how he had gained so much intelligence. His Masters entrusted him with various papers, all written in a cypher, that they believed entirely unknown to him, but of this, with ingenuity not uncommon to the lowest Russian, whose aptitude for acquirement is well known, he had contrived to gain the key, and in his turn, carried frequently information to the police: for he too received a payment, in proportion to what he brought. It was while thus employed as the messenger of conspirators,



that Nikolay had become aware of the purpose he now denounced to the Panienska.

“And this you call no harm done, Nikolay,” said the shocked Zarifa, “did you not assure me that all the good within your reach you would perform, but never evil? is it no wickedness to deceive these men, who trust you, however bad they be.”

“But I will never betray them, Panienska, none but yourself shall know that they have concealed this wicked thing, and am not I even now labouring to prevent it? do not please to be angry, Panienska, I would give my life to serve you—and my masters, they can share the florins that have been paid me, or I will pay them back; I will receive them no more—by Saint Nikolay, I swear it, honoured Mistress!”

It was no time for pointing out to the unhappy boy, the broad distinctions he neglected, nor that his grateful affection for herself, was

no set off against his want of principle; but Zarifa exhorted him to make what amends he might for irregular conduct, by going instantly to the Belvedere. "Now, Nikolay, at once—even while we linger, may the wrong be doing."

Not so early, the boy declared, and relieved from the heavy weight that had borne him down, he was again, as usual, cool and apt.

"It was yet much too early," Nikolay repeated, "but did not the Panienska please to observe, that he was unlikely to gain admittance at the Palace?"

She did not; with information so important, what should hinder?

"There will be watchers around, from the conspirators; I may be known to these, and if seen to enter, might occasion the attempt to be made at once, and before the Duke were placed on his guard, if indeed, I were not altogether prevented from approaching, a thing by far more likely than not—for if disturbance

arose at the gates, the guards would drive the whole party with their sticks, nor stop to enquire who was wrong."

Zarifa could not refute this, and the Russian proceeded.

"On the night when the noble Count was to have been arrested," all Zarifa's attention was awakened, "the Panienska knew—that then—she had pleased to wear a dress, that—in short the manner and speech of the Panienska, would gain her instant admission at the Belvedere, they would take her for a Noble or Panic\* at least, and no spy on the watch could know her,"—he was silent, and Zarifa, hastily glancing for a moment at the place, wherein the boy habiliments were deposited, remained for some short time in thought.

She owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Czarevich, and the plan suggested by Nikolay was perhaps not unfeasible; no time should be

---

\* Panic—gentleman.

lost, and once the resolve was formed, Zarifa demanded if Nikolay were prepared to drive her to the Palace.

"Surely, yes, Panienska, you hired the Drosky of Jagel before, and I had but to tell him, the same Panicz required it—he likes the double pay you gave then—and I promised it again—for I knew you would not refuse to do good, Panienska—beside, 'tis for a great Prince now—'twas a noble Count before, perhaps—but then he was only to be arrested—and if the well-born ladies had not been your friends, so that I thought their grief would grieve you, I should never have troubled you with a word—he might have been now fast in Zamosc or Modlin, for Nikolay ! Do you please to dismiss me, Panienska ? my master will be wild if I delay to attend a Pan, who pays double ? Do I await you at the Cross, Panienska ? Will that suit you ? We shall there be out of the master's sight !"

•

His suggestions were all assented to, and the boy departed.

Zarifa then assumed her disguise, and soon found an opportunity for gaining the street unobserved; she was there joined by Nikolay; and they were presently moving at the best speed of his horses towards the Belvedere.

She was, of course, on this occasion, free from such impertinence as had last annoyed her; when the Drosky stopped, a sentinel presented himself, who conducting her silently across the Courts, made over his charge to others at the Palace entrance and by these she was finally directed to the servant of Kochanowski, the Grand Duke's principal valet, for whom it was that she enquired.

Preceded by this man to the ante-room of the private apartments, she was directed by him to enter; he then withdrew silently, and with noiseless steps. Drawing back from the half-open door of the ante-room, near which

the domestic had left her standing, Zarifa paused, for a moment, to gain courage for the next step—the servant had evidently mistaken her for some other person—he had received her as one whom he had expected, had asked no name, and had preceded her to his master's presence, rather as a matter of course, than as supposing her to need a guide thither. This had facilitated her progress so far, but could not avail her further.

The occupants of the room she was about to enter were two, a well-dressed man, the valet Kochanowski, and a handsome woman, fashionably attired; as it seemed, his wife. Kochanowski was reading aloud, or rather in an under tone—but still, for the benefit of his companion, who sat listening with a much amused look: the book was a popular novel, just then published by a well-known Russian Novelist; but the reader soon laid it down, and looking at his watch, which lay on the table, observed—

"It is time to wake his Imperial Highness."

"Not yet," said the lady, also looking at the watch—"not just yet—there are still five minutes—read another page."

And the husband smilingly prepared to resume his lecture.

But Zarifa, feeling that no time should be lost, stepped towards the open door, and was soon perceived by the lady.

"Here you are then, Viktor," she remarked.

But instantly discovering her mistake, the speaker rose at once, and left the room by an opposite door, her husband rising at the same moment, not without a look of surprise, to receive the new comer.

The errand of Zarifa was soon explained; Kochanowski at first regarding his informant with looks of doubt, as well as surprise—it was but for a moment however—hastily securing two doors, leading, as Zarifa conjectured, to the

more public parts of the building, he drew across them many a bolt and bar—did the same for that by which Zarifa had just entered, and then, seating himself, bade the boy repeat his information.

“It is extraordinary,” he remarked, “yet it may be true—or, if not, precaution will do no harm ; I cannot wait to ask you for particulars, how you have gained your intelligence. I go now to wake the Czarevitz—he will himself examine you perhaps—meanwhile, stay where you are till I return.”

He withdrew by a door corresponding with that by which his wife had departed, and doubtless leading to the Ducal chamber. It was the custom of Constantine to rise so early that some portion of rest in the day became needful ; this he took constantly at five in the afternoon, sleeping till seven, and at that hour it was that Zarifa had reached the Palace : we pretend not to describe what passed within the chamber to which Kochanowski had pro-



ceeded, but the Czarevich, wakened at no unusual hour, was, doubtless, fully self-possessed.

Meanwhile sounds of tumult rose within the Palace, and the doors so prudently secured by Kochanowski, were more than once tried, at first gently—then with less caution, and afterwards each was pushed and kicked with a degree of violence that caused Zarifa to retreat to as great a distance from them as the room permitted : at length these efforts were abandoned, but sounds of deadly conflict arose from below, shots rang and sabres clashed on the ears of the affrighted girl, who ran to the door by which the lady had departed, hoping to penetrate still further the interior of the Palace. But this door was fastened by a spring, of which she could not find the movement ; then, terrified by the increasing tumult, she sought refuge through that leading to the Duke's rooms : as she did so, the lady before mentioned re-entered with a face of deadly paleness, and

Zarifa sprang towards her, forgetful of her disguise, and purposing to implore her protection—the lady, however, seeing only the stranger youth, whose arrival had been the prelude to those outcries by which she was so much alarmed, drew back with a long loud scream, as the seeming boy rushed towards her, and darting through the door, fastened it firmly; again Zarifa tried to find the spring, and while thus employed, Kochanowski re-entered, hastened, doubtless, by the cries of his wife.

“That is not your way, young man!” he said, sternly, “and you know it; you have rendered service it may be, by your late revelation, but there would be warrant good for detaining you, as an accomplice of the Rebels, with whom you doubtless have been associated, though for purposes of your own, you have betrayed them at this late hour. You will depart by this road,” he continued, indicating

the door near which he stood ; a large chain ran across that portal, and unclosing it as far as the chain permitted, he looked cautiously forth to see that none were lurking near : all had for the present withdrawn to the struggle now raging below, but Zarifa implored him not to eject her from that place of comparative security. Her prayer was vain, with little respect for the cowardly boy, he supposed her to be, Kochanowski continued his preparations for her dismissal, observing that she could feign to join the rebels when she got within their reach, if indeed such junction would be a feint. Thus ungratefully put forth, with so much of force as the natural shrinking of her slight form to encounter the scenes below, made needful. Zarifa hurried from the dangerous vicinity, conscious that to be seen near the Ducal apartments, would subject her to the suspicion, less unjust than that entertained by Kochanowski, of having giving warning to the Czarevich—in which case she must expect a still more severe

kind of treatment than the expulsion just received from the first valet.

Various apartments and galleries were crossed in succession—the choice of Zarifa regulated rather by their silence and freedom from occupants, than by any knowledge of the localities. How to find an egress, through which she might quit the palace, unobserved by its assailants, she knew not—as yet she had seen no Servant of the household in her terror fraught retreat, but now, one whose dress bespoke him such, crossed the further end of a gallery, in which she had paused bewildered : hurrying on, she hastened to entreat this man's assistance, but her progress was fearfully staid by the corpse of a soldier, lying directly across her path. Swerving with sickened heart from this startling object, she rushed on, but looking towards the distance, rather than to her immediate steps, in fear of losing the hoped for guide, she failed to perceive that a

second body lay near the first, till stepping on the crimson streams around it, her foot slipped, she met the wide open eyes of the corse fixed on hers ; vainly did she grasp a bracket that supported one of the lamps lighting the galleries, already loosened in the late struggles, it gave way as she seized it, suffering her to fall prone on the frightful object before her ; yet not till she had fully assured herself that the features were those of Cheffkine : yes, it was the lifeless frame of the Baron, on which her own shuddering and recoiling form was thrown. A cry that she was unable to repress, brought the man from whom she had hoped assistance ; but he was joined by the armed confederates, whose associate he evidently was.

The attempts of Zarifa to rise were unimpeded ; but the cry she had uttered—believed to be one of grief on discovering Cheffkine's fate—her attitude, mistaken for that of him who has thrown himself in agony on the

bosom of his friend ; all spoke the supposed boy to be a follower of the hated Baron, and no favourer of those who surrounded him.

The seeming Servant of the Household now declared Zarifa to have issued from the Duke's apartments, and she was at once denounced as the betrayer of their design ; the wretch by whom their purpose of making the Czarevicz a hostage—subsequent events have proved that no further injury to the Duke was intended—had been discovered and baffled.

The yells of rage that arose on this announcement brought a crowd of the conspirators around them — one of these was instantly accosted by the man whose dress denoted him to be a Servant of the Palace.

“ See, Ludwik,” said the liveried traitor, “ see—here is the cause of all. I saw this boy with my own eyes not an hour since—he was crossing the ante-room of the Czarevicz with Stefan—Kochanowski's servant—then, as I told thee, nothing was suspected ; ten

minutes later, and the Ducal doors were barricaded; he has come, too, but this moment from the Czarevicz's apartments, and we find him howling over the corpse of Cheffkine—after that, wilt thou say that the noise of our people entering alarmed the Duke? was it the coming in that aroused them to vigilance? wilt thou not rather confess, at last, that this comes of taking a Jew to thy counsels?"

"I see no cause for doing so as yet, Klemnes," replied Ludwik; "you do not call this child the Jew?"

"No; but I call him our betrayer—that we are betrayed is manifest, this boy has done it; there could be but one villain amongst us—that one has been the Jew; he has sold us to some one, whose agent, this boy, child as he is, has doubtless been."

"Thou hast baited me enough for it," returned the other, sullenly, "and say the Jew be false, he has already paid the penalty. Lech, with the boys he leads, will, by this

time, have pulled his house about his ears ; 'tis down while we speak, aye ! on the mere suspicion of his treachery, on which thou hast so loudly insisted."

"Nor yet without reason, Ludwik ; but there is something of consolation in what thou hast said, the rather as Lech will hardly hold his work to be complete till he shall have hanged the cursed Hebrew over the ruins of his den."

"A good deed," remarked a third conspirator, "and would be still better, if he caught some dozen scores of the cheating race and hung them all for company."

"Thou art not far wrong, boy," said the man called Klemens, "and here, at least, is one who, Jew or Gentile, will hardly escape that measure of justice."

Saying this, he seized the half dead Zarifa by the arm, and dragged her forth, amid the outcries and applause of his excited companions.

END OF VOL. II.

---

T. C. Newby, Printer, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.



